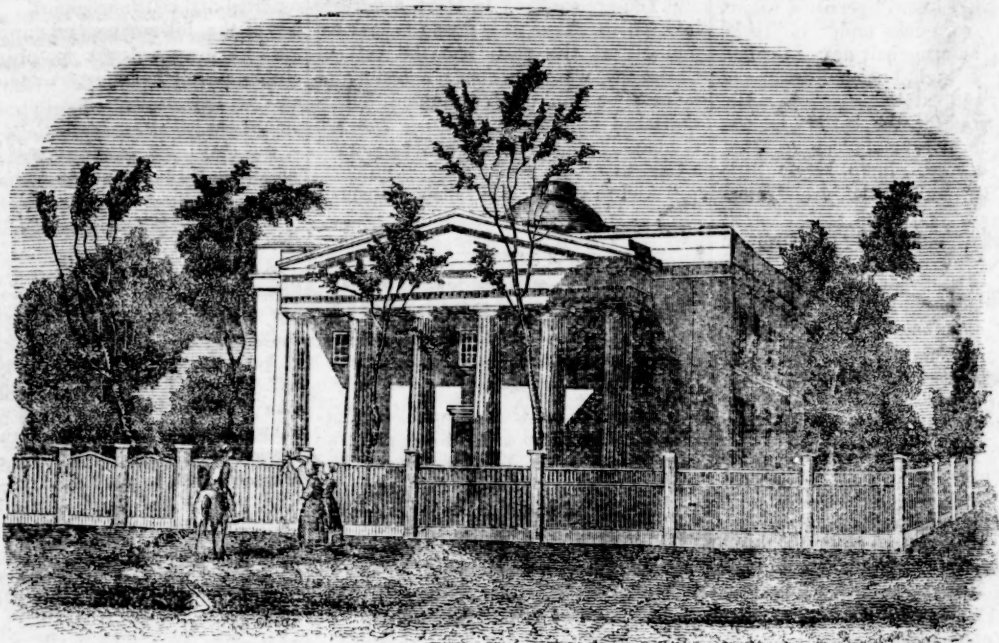




VOL. IV. No. 35.

GREENSBORO, N. C., for the Week Ending September 3, 1859.

{ Whole No. 188



MEDICAL COLLEGE OF GEORGIA, Augusta.

The first proposal to establish a medical school in this state was made by Dr. Antony, in 1827; but active measures for it were not taken until the year 1830, when the legislature passed a bill, incorporating this institution, and authorizing them to confer the degree of Doctor in Medicine on persons who have complied with the requisitions of the most respectable institutions in the United States. In 1835, the faculty addressed a circular to all the medical schools, proposing a convention in Washington city, which has not been held, but the honor of the project is due to this state. In 1833, a donation of \$10,000 was made by the legislature, and another of \$5,000, by the city council of Augusta, on condition that the college should supply the hospital, for ten years, with attendance and medicines. These sums enabled the trustees to erect the fine edifice which they at present occupy. It is a large structure, in the Doric style, with accommodations and arrangements well adapted to the nature of the institution, and which has been pronounced by good judges, equal in this respect, to any other in the Union. It enjoys a fine and pleasant situation, admirably adapted to its use, in the vicinity of the town, on a lot appropriated to it by the trustees of Richmond academy.

In 1834, ten thousand dollars were raised by the faculty, who sent one of the professors to Europe, to purchase an anatomical museum, chemical apparatus, and surgical cabinet. In 1835, the legislature conferred on the institution a second grant, amounting to about twenty-five thousand dollars, which afforded them a fund for contingent expenses. The first class was instituted in 1833-'4, and amounted to thirty; and the members have been increasing almost every year, although the institution suffered a severe reverse, in consequence of the fatal epidemic of 1839, when, among many other losses, the valuable life of Dr. Antony fell a sacrifice to his humane exertions for the benefit of the sick.

The lectures begin on the first Monday in November, and close early in March. As appropriate here, and for the information it gives, we will make a few extracts from the Annual Announcement for 1859:

It affords the trustees great pleasure to announce to the Medical Profession, and the public generally, that the institution is still in a highly prosperous condition. More than a quarter of a century has sufficed, not only for the permanent establishment of the college, and the collection (at a cost of between fifty and sixty thousand dollars,) of all the appliances for a thorough medical education, but has secured the favor and unwavering confidence of the profes-

sion. The trustees appeal without hesitation to the character of their numerous graduates—now numbering over one thousand—for the evidence of the thoroughness of the course of instruction.

For the purpose of furnishing education to those who expect to practise in a southern field, where the diseases are so strikingly modified by climate and the many other influences of locality, the trustees feel fully warranted in saying that public opinion has for years past been decidedly in favor of Southern Medical Institutions. Not among the least of these results are the peculiar phases assumed by many diseases as they occur in the colored portion of our population, which must necessarily constitute an important part of the practice of every southern physician, and in relation to which, he can receive but little available indoctrination in the northern schools. This point the trustees feel it their duty to insist upon with great emphasis, as an advantage, of which, no amount of sophistry can deprive their institution and its graduates, before any thinking and judicious community; and they would appeal to the graduates of northern colleges, now practising in the south, to vouch for the correctness of the assertion, that it was only by experience and personal observation that they were enabled to remedy the deficiencies attaching to a northern course of instruction, in relation to this class of their patients.

We are aware that whenever these claims of Southern medical institutions have been advanced, they have been met with the wrath of severe criticism on the part of the northern press, charging us with mixing up unworthy sectionalism with scientific enquiry, or, at least, of pandering to popular prejudices; but feeling fully persuaded of the justness of these claims, we still urge and insist upon their recognition as truths, the denial of which is an insult to common sense, reason and universal observation, and which the everyday experience of southern practitioners will abundantly substantiate.

Within the last year, the college museum, before one of the largest and best selected in the United States, has received a large accession in the beautiful and valuable preparations added to it by Dr. Joseph Jones, the professor of Chemistry. This addition alone consists of over three hundred specimens, and comprehends dissections and injections of the greatest value to the student, as illustrative of the important branches of Anatomy, Physiology and Pathology.

With an able and experienced faculty, an extensively supplied museum, a large and well selected library, the most abundant clinical advantages, an entire hospital being specially devoted to the

diseases of the negro race, so important in the south, and other constantly increasing facilities for the study of all the various branches of medicine, we feel safe in presenting their institution as in every respect worthy the continued confidence and support of the southern medical public.

FACULTY OF THE MEDICAL COLLEGE OF GEORGIA.

HENRY F. CAMPBELL, M. D., Professor of Anatomy, Special and Comparative.
L. A. DUGAS, M. D., Professor of the Principles and Practice of Surgery.
JOSEPH JONES, M. D., Professor of Chemistry and Pharmacy.
I. P. GARVIN, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica, Therapeutics and Medical Jurisprudence.
L. D. FORD, M. D., Professor of the Institutes and Practice of Medicine.
H. V. M. MILLER, M. D., Professor of Physiology and Pathological Anatomy.
J. A. EWE, M. D., Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Infants.
ROBERT CAMPBELL, M. D., Adjunct Professor of Obstetrics.
ROBERT CAMPBELL, M. D., Demonstrator of Anatomy.
S. B. SIMMONS, M. D., Assistant Demonstrator.
H. W. D. FORD, M. D., Professor to the Professor of Surgery.
T. P. CREVELAND, Curator of Museum.

THE HOMELESS ORPHAN.

BY MABEL LANSING.

Not sadly but silently I have sat for an hour. I have been gazing upon life without. I have marked the hurrying forms that pass my window, and listened to their steps till as they die away in the distance they sound like beating surges; and surely, they are the surges of life. Too, I have been gazing upon the life within. I have tried to understand the workings of my immortal spirit, which wrapped in unfathomed mystery existed before the world was; have listened to the pulsations of my heart and wondered—as all do at such times—why it ever beat; wondered, why I am one among the mighty throng that crowd this earth. But I pause. For opposite my window stands a beautiful lady. All that wealth and influence can give is hers. A poor child—such a one as we often meet in our large cities—is approaching her. And the child is beautiful too, ay—strangely beautiful! See, she reaches her hand to the lady, raises her blue imploring eyes, and with ringlets half hiding her face, says, "Please, ma'am; give me a penny to buy bread."

I never saw a sadder look, never heard a sweeter voice; but the elegant lady is unmoved, and with a toss of the head repulses the poor child and passes on. Ah, fair lady, be cautious! You

have wealth now, and the little girl poverty—yet with all, your fortunes may be reversed. I have often heard of such things, and known of them too. Have you not, dear reader?

But I must leave my writing and go to the child myself. * * * * * I have come back. And oh! my head aches, and my heart is sick. The pavement is burning hot, and my feet are almost blistered from standing upon it for only a few moments, and yet that little delicate child has no shoes and is obliged to be upon the pavements for half the day. Besides, I have listened to the old story of nothing to eat, and a comfortless dwelling in a part of the city that we cannot hear mentioned without a shudder. Starving to death! for the want of what we throw our dogs; and in a "Christian city" too! Can it be possible? Ah, yes; and to you who know no sorrow of heart, to you whose stream of life runs smoothly, I would say, but come and go with me to the homes of sorrow and despair, and you will learn lessons that you can never forget.

This evening I shall go to the child's home, learn all I can of her history, and see what can be done. I am interested, greatly interested. She can be no common beggar's child. She must have been nurtured in some place, and her language so perfect; still more, though poorly clad, she is the very model of neatness.

I never see a lone and weary one; never see a homeless, friendless stranger without recalling the beautiful text of Scripture which says, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." And at such times I always think of a circumstance that took place almost in the vicinity of my home.

Long, long years ago when the March wind blew terribly cold and chill; when every stream was fettered and every rivulet ice-bound, a pale, poorly-clad child, of about eight years, came to the door of a wealthy farmer. She hesitated as she approached; for she saw children there that were well clothed and fed, children whose bright eyes had never been dimmed by sorrow's tears, and she dreaded the unkind looks that they might cast upon her, for she was a timid, sensitive child.

While she stood trembling and hesitating, the lady of the house noticed her and spoke to her, for she was not unacquainted with the poor child's history; besides, hers was a noble, generous nature.

"Come here, my child," said she. "What can I do for you?"

The child burst into tears and laid her head upon the lady's lap, as if to ask for her protection. Every voice was hushed, and the happy children gathered around, wondering what could be the matter. There lay a stranger child upon their mother's lap, sobbing wildly, as if suffering from awful pain.

"What troubles you?" asked the lady. "Why did you come this cold day?"

"Oh!" answered the child, "you know I've no home, no friend, and I have come to ask you to let me be your child."

What could she do? What ought she to do? There lay a friendless child asking for her love and protection. Should she give it, or should she not? Yes, it was an imperative duty, she could not, and would not refuse, and after determining to adopt the child, asked her children if they would receive the little stranger as a sister, if they would be willing that she should share their home and pleasures. Yes, O, yes! we shall be so glad! they all answered in a breath, and then with light hearts bounded off, forgetting that there was aught of sorrow in the world.

Still the child did not raise her head, still she trembled like a frightened bird. To the questions asked, she could make no answer, and by and by the lady raised

ed the child's head, smoothed back the damp hair from her broad, white forehead, and as she was doing so, an old man, with bowed form and silvery hair, came in. He laid his hand upon the orphan's head and asked her name. She looked up and said, "Anna," in so sweet and sad a tone that it touched the old man's heart, and he brushed something like a tear from his eye, heaved a deep sigh, and as he passed out, said, "that child—oh! she reminds me of one who died long ago. It's a pity she has no home."

Ever after the day of Anna's adoption she was seen with the other children at play. She seemed cheerful, but whenever she joined the wild sports that children love so well, she would stop suddenly and go off by herself. She never spoke of her beautiful home that had in a short time become a ruin, never mentioned her dead father, her broken-hearted mother nor desolated sisters. All knew her sad history, and sometimes unkind schoolmates would tell her that she was poor and friendless, that none on all the earth cared for her. Ah! many and many were the trials that wrung the poor child's heart—but I have not time to tell them now.

Years passed on. Aye, years of sorrow and toil—and Anna was changed. No more, but a noble-minded, talented woman, whom all even in Europe and America delighted to honor. Her society was sought with eagerness. She was looked upon as we sometimes look upon a star that shines with dazzling brightness.

Then it was, that her kind benefactress received her reward. Then it was, that she could see what a few words of kindness had done, and she felt that in entertaining the orphan, she had of a truth entertained an angel unawares.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES. THE SILENT VOICE.

BY ELSORA.

"At the funeral of a little babe in New Sharon, a few days since, a circumstance occurred remarkably cheering and suggestive.

The little one, all beautifully robed for the grave, was laid in the coffin on the morning of its burial. The weeping friends placed in its little hand a small bouquet of flowers, among which was an unopened rosebud of the "Rose of Sharon." The lid was then placed upon the coffin, and the funeral services performed. When after the lapse of not more than two or three hours, the coffin was opened again, and the friends gathered round to look upon it for the last time, that bud had become a full blown rose, while grasped in the cold hand of death."—[Gospel Banner.]

As if fann'd by an angel's holy breath,
Or wet with vernal showers;
That beautiful bud in the hand of death—
Became the queen of flowers.

And its delicate petals of purest hue,
Lay close to the marble breast
Of the little one, that when life was new,
Was borne to the land of rest.

There was beauty strange, and language deep
In that rose from Sharon's vale;
For it seem'd like an angel come to keep
Lone watch o'er the sleeper pale.

And me thought it gave to th' lips of death
That were clos'd forevermore
The power to speak, as it life, and breath,
Had come back as in days before.

And that a voice in accents low,
Came up from the coffin then
And said:—tho' snatch'd from the fold below
And broke from the parent stem,

I bloom in Paradise above
Where no blighting breath can come;
Mine, mine, is a land of light and love,
Aye, mine is a heav'nly home.

Weep not my friends, weep not for me,
From you I was only riven
To scale the courts of the blest and free
And to join the hosts of heav'n.

Where a thousand, thousand, infant souls,
Help swell the glorious strain
That in one shout of praises rolls,
To the Lamb for sinners slain.

"Fast" people are to be avoided.

LIFE'S CHANGES;

OR,
Floy's Story.

BY JULIA SOUTHALL.

CHAPTER XXV.
THE LONELY GRAVE.

They buried him darkly, at dead of night,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern, dimly burning. [Wolfe.
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well.
[Shakespeare.

It was a wild night.

A fishing party caught in the storm,
took refuge in a shanty on the beach,
but the furious gusts that came sweep-
ing over land and sea shook the frail hut
to its foundations, and the waves fell
thundering on the shore.

The fishermen, four in number, gath-
ered closer together, as the wild waves
thundered and the winds shrieked and
howled. It was a stormy night, and
when one of them approached the little
opening that served for a window, the
blinding lightning forced him to retire.
The booming of the troubled sea and the
wild shrieking of the tempest was
lost in the crashing peals of thunder
that shook the solid ground.

They ventured another look toward
the foam-capped billows that swept in
toward the beach.

A noble vessel, large and strong,
trembled on the summit of a monster
wave. A moment more, and with a
loud crash of thunder that drowned the
shrieks of the despairing, it was dashed
to pieces on the cruel rocks.

And the sea came sounding on the
shore, the winds howled, and the rain
fell.

But the storm passed, and the fisher-
men went out to look for the living and
for the dead. The rain ceased to fall,
the thunder muttered in the distance,
the sea writhed less angrily, and the
moon, breaking fitfully through clouds
that yet lingered, aided them in their
search.

Still they found nothing. At last
they sought refuge among the rocks that
skirted the sea, some high, bold and
smooth; others sharp, angular, projecting.

It was a wild, magnificent scene.

A lofty cliff reared its bold front high
above the narrow strip of beach that
divided it from the still angry sea; this
narrow bank of sand was terminated at
one side by the sharp, bare rocks that
jutted into the sea. And upon it lay a

base of that bold cliff, at whose foot the
waves had lately broken, and turned
the quivering light of their lanterns
upon the still form.

It lay with its white face turned up-
ward to the stormy sky, in which the
clouds yet lingered, one arm thrown
above the head, the other pressed upon
the bosom.

And the sea throbbed, the wind
moaned softly, and the moon still strug-
gled with the clouds.

They went up to the body reverently,
for, though the wind lifted often the
long black hair that was spread upon
the sand with a life-like motion, they
knew, when they looked upon the still,
white face, that he was dead.

They gently loosened the hand which
was pressed to his bosom, but they tried
in vain to take from the dead man's
clasp the ruby cross which it held. A
crimson cross, with a chain woven of
deep black hair.

There was nothing remarkable in his
dress, which was plain, neat, and of
good quality, but the rough fishermen
looked with awe upon the ghastly face,
beautiful even in death's stillness, with
its clustering hair, and the touching ex-
pression of deep sadness blended with
resignation.

"What shall we do with him?" asked
one. "He is quite dead."

"Let us bury him here, by the side
of the sea," said another.

And they went to work sadly, for
there was something touching in the
face of the dead. They scooped out a
deep grave in the sand, and, raising
him gently, laid him to rest in the bed
a stranger's hand had hollowed.

And the wild sea sang a dirge, the wind
wailed, and the moon struggled faintly
with the clouds.

"Let us return," said one of the fish-
ermen. "We have done all we can."

"Let us not leave him so," said another,
"but let us place above his grave the
stone cross at the hut."

And they were agreed. So they brought
the heavy cross of stone and placed it
firmly at his head. Thus they buried him
beneath the gloomy cliff, by the side of
the sobbing sea. And when they had
said a prayer above the nameless dead,
they left him alone.

And the sea sighed, the dying gale
murmured, and the full moon broke through
the flying clouds.

Thus was the presentiment fulfilled,
and Saint Leger slept by the sea-side.—
But he heeded not the storm when it came,
nor the easy waves that thundered on
the shore.

And the sounding sea and the dying
gale sang his dirge, and the moon shone
full upon the gipsy's grave.

CHAPTER XXVI.
LIFE'S REPOSE.

A wood fire burned brightly in the wide,
old-fashioned fire-place, in the parlor at
Sutherland Hall; a good, roaring, cheery
fire, that now and then sent a shower of
sparks out upon the green and scarlet ring,
off which a little negro girl, black, bright,
and busy, kept brushing them with her
fingers, now and then giving vent to an
exclamation when an unusual quantity
sparked out.

Christmas-Eve!

Happy day, when the little ones of the
better classes are upon their best behavior,
so fearful lest "Santa Claus," should
think them naughty, and so leave the lit-
tle stockings un replenished, to disappoint
them on Christmas morning. When the
negroes—if you are in a Southern clime—are
all so brisk and cheery, in anticipa-
tion of the customary gifts and a week's
holidays. When the "grown-up folks"
smile and overlook juvenile delinquencies,
which, at another time, would be reward-
ed by a dark closet or the loss of a meal.
Glorious day of good humor, laughter, and
plum-puddings, Christmas-eve has arrived.

There were garlands of evergreens

looped all around upon the white walls,
and hiding the carved picture-frames.—
Graceful running-cedar, box, and arbor-
vite, were mixed with green ivy and the
thorn-pointed holly-boughs, whose dark,
glossy green leaves made so rich a con-
trast to the scarlet berries that glowed
out among the mass of verdure like beads
of coral. Heavy curtains of crimson and
green shaded the windows and shut out
the chilling wind, while around the good
fire were drawn arm-chairs and sofas, soft-
ly cushioned with green velvet. Upon a
round table in the centre of the room
were scattered a quantity of toys and bon-
bons, each to be parcelled out to their
youthful owners, and over all the ruddy
firelight lingered, flickering in cheerful
yet fantastic gleams over the warm, cozy
apartment.

Out of doors the scene was less inviting
but not less beautiful. The shades of
evening were fast approaching, and the
moon ventured to peep out upon the snowy
landscape, even while her enemy, the sun,
remained glowing in the West; and the
trees, with their heavy weight of icy ar-
mor, drooped their long branches till they
looked like fairy bowers, formed of crystal
and all sorts of precious gems. Long,
glittering icicles hung like silver horns,
from the eaves of the old-fashioned house.

Boys and negro children, who laughed and shouted
uproariously whenever they succeeded in
dislodging one or more. The older ser-
vants passed to and fro from cabin, to cabin,
from kitchen to house, jesting and laughing
as they busied themselves with various du-
ties, a perfect picture of the content and
happiness found among the well regulated
families of the South.

Into the cheerful, glowing parlor, with
its warmth and brightness, came Zillah
d'Essars. She was changed, much changed,
since the time she stood in the lighted
ball-room; not so handsome, but far lov-
elier. For, in place of the scornful curl
of the lip and the proud flash of the bright
grey eye, was a sweet, womanly mildness
that softened the full, red mouth, and a
subdued, happy light which melted the
cold glitter of the grey eyes, which had
grown darker. Instead of the heavy
braids which formerly wound like a dia-
dem around her finely-turned head, the
thick black tresses were combed smoothly
away from the calm, wide brow, and
twisted in a rich braid at the back of the
head. A claret colored robe of some soft,
warm fabric fell in graceful folds around
her, making her appear, by its cozy com-
fort, a fitting occupant of the bright room.

She approached the table and began
tying up the various parcels and writing
upon it the owner's name. As she fin-
ished her pleasant task, Zillah sank softly
in a cushioned chair, gazing in the spark-
ling fire, while a soft, happy smile rested
on her lips. The smile gradually faded,
and dark shadows stole over her brow, as
her mind reverted to the past. But when
she raised her eyes and they fell upon the
warm room, decorated for the Christmas
festival, the happy smile came again, and
she sat, dreaming and smiling.

The door was suddenly thrown open,
merry, childish voices broke the warm
stillness, and two little girls, their arms
filled with corn-cobs, ran in to the fire.
The eldest of these was perhaps eleven
years of age, but her small, delicate figure
and fairy features said seven or eight, at
the most. Her dark blue eyes, lighted
up, now, with excitement and pleasure,
her alabaster skin, and ringlets of wavy
gold, afforded a striking contrast to the
gipsy skin, sparkling black eyes, and raven
hair of her five year-old companion.

They seated themselves upon the rug,
piling their corn-cobs separately, so that
each should know her own, and the little
black girl stopped brushing the refracto-
ry sparks, in the interest excited by the
prospect of playing "cob-house" with her
fairer companions.

"Look there, mamma," said the blue-
eyed fairy. "See what a pile we have got."

"Where have you been, my darling?"
asked Zillah, stroking back the silken
curls.

"Oh! out in the grainery," the black-
eyed one made answer. "Uncle Ben is
shelling corn to grind hominy, and we got
all these. There's more out there, now,
and we thought we'd send Ruthy back for
the rest."

"Lors! missus, I'll go right now!" ex-
claimed "Ruthy" or Ruth, springing up
from her position on the hearth rug.

"No," said Zillah, "you must not bring
any more, now. I expect company this
evening, and when you have finished play-
ing, Claire, you and Venice must take
your cobs to the nursery, where they will
not be in the way."

"Why, who's coming, mamma?" cried
Claire, while little Venice raised her blue
eyes expectantly.

"Your cousin Mamie Hamilton, Mark,
and Emma. Emma's little girl is about
your age, Claire, and Philip, her son, is
nearly as old as Venice. They will spend
the Christmas with us, and I expect you
both to be good children, while they are
here."

"That's papa!" exclaimed little Claire.
"Oh! no," said Venice, "that's only
grandma and Sally, coming from the
kitchen."

"Tis papa, I know!" persisted Claire,
hustling her corn-cobs under the table,
and drawing an arm-chair nearer the fire.

And, true enough, Lucien d'Essars and
Mrs. Sutherland entered together. He,
too, was altered for the better; he was
older, steadier, more manly-looking. Mrs.
Sutherland, a rosy, plump, happy little
woman, totally unlike the invalid step-
mother of a few years back, seated herself
in an easy chair, submitting cheerfully to
little Claire's importunities to be taken
upon her grandma's lap.

"Well, Zillah," said Lucien, "the Ham-
iltons are at Staunton and will come on
this evening. I rode in advance to bring
you the news."

"It is no news," said Zillah. "I ex-
pected them to be as good as their word."
"I did not think they could have reach-
ed Staunton before to-morrow morning, at
least," remarked Mrs. Sutherland.

"Philip Leslie did not come," contin-
ued Lucien, lifting Venetia to his knee.
"He plead urgent business as his excuse,
but I suspect he feared to come back to
Sutherland Hall. The place would give
rise, with him, to associations bitter, rat-
her than sweet. However, I hope he will
visit us ere he returns to England."

"I did not much expect him," replied
Zillah, with a suppressed sigh.

She rose to draw the curtains, for it
was twilight, and she glanced out to
grave gleamed whitely in the clear, frosty
moonlight. "Hist! I hear wheels!" she
exclaimed suddenly.

The crackling of the brittle snow under
their iron-shod hoofs, and rolling wheels,
was distinctly audible on the keen, win-
ter air, but expected guests were not yet
in sight. They all went out into the pia-
za.

"I hear voices," said Lucien. "That
is Mamie's laugh, and Mark is talking.
Another masculine voice. Why, can Mr.
Hamilton have come on with Mark?"

"There they are, at the gate!" cried
Zillah, bounding down the steps with her
old freedom and joyousness.

Mamie met her first, and Zillah half
dragged her into the house, ere she turn-
ed for a full view of the rest, who had fol-
lowed with noisy greetings and laughter.

There was Mamie, the fair-haired, blue-
eyed Mamie of former years, only a good
deal more self-possessed and womanly;
Emma, her brown eyes swimming with
tears of joy; Miss Gertrude, looking as
fresh and happy, if not so young, as Em-
ma herself; Mark, bearing in his arms
Zillah's blue-eyed namesake, and leading a
brown-haired boy; and another, not ex-
pected, but not the less welcome,—Philip
Leslie.

"I could not leave for England with-
out seeing you," he said, in explanation,
"so I set out for Sutherland Hall, and
actually overtook Mark's sleigh not a
mile from Staunton."

"You did just right," said Lucien.
"Our party is now complete. Heavens!
how cold! Come nearer the fire, Mamie.
I wish to have a good talk about old times."

A merry set they were, gathered in that
cozy room, the red light from the wide
hearth swaying, flickering, over the ever-
greens on the wall, the sweet, pictured face
of Zillah's mother, and the cheerful group
by the fire-side. If Zillah thought of an-
other Christmas, rising like a ghost in the
buried past, she did not betray it.

"When did you hear from Louise?"
she asked of Mamie.

"A short time before I left Richmond,"
replied Mamie, a shadow creeping over
the sunny face. "I told her you wished
her to join us here, but she said one of
her husband's sisters would be married on
New Year's Day, and she could not leave."

"Poor Louise!" said Miss Gertrude.
"I don't think she is happy. She is
engaged in a continual round of dis-
sipation which must finally wear out mind
and body."

"And Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton?"

"Oh! mamma is busy preparing for
the winter season, and father is immersed
in business, as usual," returned Mamie.

They did not separate till a late hour.
"My life has been strangely confused
and mingled," said Zillah, when her guests
had returned.

"Not strangely, Zillah," replied Lucien.
"No one has a life of unmixed sun-
shine or shade. You have had a bright-
ter sun, a darker shadow than most.—
That is all."

"Time's changes! how great, how in-
evitable! This house is not the house of
my youth! it has changed, like all the
rest. I have lost Ella, Claire, my father,
Mamie, Emma, and Miss Gertrude. The
scenery even, is changed, and my young
friends are either sober fathers and moth-
ers, or sleeping in death. I hardly know
myself."

"Thus it is," said D'Essars. "Old
ties are broken, new ones are formed, and
the names and friends once so beloved are
forgotten, or remembered with pain."

Zillah sighed.

"Not forgotten, Lucien," she said.—
"Among the changes of time I thought
I had experienced the most blessed—that
I was a Christian, but I yearn so bitterly
over the past, I feel such regrets when I
think of all that I have suffered, I fear I
am not truly changed. Else, why should
I so regret my buried hopes?"

"You are changed in heart, neverthe-
less, Zillah. True, it is wrong to look re-
pinningly at the past, but the best of
Christians will experience a feeling of
sadness on thinking of blighted hopes,
cherished still as memories. You are
thoroughly altered for the better; you are
a Christian."

"And this too," said Zillah, "is one of
life's changes."

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE HEROINE OF BEAR'S HILL.

BY OLARA AUGUSTA.

The light of an October sun fell in slant-
ing rays of gold upon our fair gem of the
mountains—Lake Winnipisogee. The
waves rippled and curled in the light west-
ern breeze; and framed the green, quiet
island in rufflings of molten silver.

It was a lovely scene. That broad, glit-
tering lake—the deep, solemn stretch of
cloudless sky—the silent glory of mellow
sunshine baptizing all in its holy flood! It
was worthy a painter's pencil—fit in-
spiration for a poet's pen! Its calm, sweet
loveliness stole into the heart on wings of
rest, and the contemplation banished dis-
content from within!

Perhaps, some such thought flitted
through the mind of farmer Horton's good
wife, as she sat leisurely darning her hus-
band's stockings, in the ruddy glow which
fell through the curtainless window. Her
face wore an expression of perplexity
which but illly accorded with the serenity
of every surrounding object, and ever and
anon she cast an anxious glance down the
narrow vista of "clearing," which spread
out to the eastward of the house. At
length, her thoughts found voice—

"Where can that child be? I do won-
der! It's nigh three o'clock, and she's
not home yet! strange!"

"What's strange, Sally?" put in a
rough, but kindly, voice from the door-
way, and Mr. John Horton entered the
room, wiping the sweat of honest labor
from his brow.

"Why, I sent Mary down to the forty
acre lot above two hours ago, with Jim-
my's dinner, and she ain't home yet! I
Charley went with her, and there they
both are, off somewhere, idling! Them
early apples never'll be pared in the world!
Seems as though Mary might have some
thought about her; she's nineteen year
old—just my age when I took the charge
of your household, John."

Mrs. Horton was in that uncomfortable
frame of mind which hovers between dis-
pleasure and apprehension; she was trou-
bled about the continued absence of her
daughter, fearing some evil had befallen
her; and she was a little inclined to be
angry that she was not back to perform
the work which she had designed for her
to do.

"Well, well, Sally," said Mr. Horton
good-humoredly, "don't get fretty; gals
will be gals, you know; may be she's got
to picking whortleberries; they're thick
as spatter down on the ridge. Mary is as
dutiful a daughter as there is on all the
mountain! God bless her!"

Mr. Horton spoke in a proud voice,
now, and his eyes grew luminous with the
memory of the love his only daughter had
given him. But suddenly the expression
of his face changed, an unnatural paleness
crept up to his brow, he half started from
his seat, with his eyes bent earnestly upon
his wife.

"Which way did the child go? She
didn't—no, no! God forbid her taking
that course!"

"Which way did she go?" Mrs. Hor-
ton spoke slowly, and drew her needle out
of the stocking to glance up in astonish-
ment upon her husband. "Why she went
over the Hill, of course; it's a half mile
nigher than the Swamp path!"

"Good God!" exclaimed John Hor-
ton—striking his forehead—"I feared
it!"

He sprang up, and snatching down the
old Queen's Arm from the brackets over

the mantel-piece, commenced hastily ex-
amining the priming.

"Lawful goodness!" ejaculated Sally
in alarm—"what is it?"

"What is it?" Mr. Horton was strap-
ping on his powder-horn—"I saw Tom
Smith not an hour ago, and he said that
this morning as Sam and Jerry was a-go-
ing down the Hill path after the sheep, a
bear jumped out of the brushwood and
attacked 'em! A big, savage she-bear
with two cubs at her heels! They dar-
est stan' against her, for they had n't no
weapons but their jack-knives; and so
they showed her their backs in all haste,
but to-night they're a-going to have a bat-
tle with her! Poor little Mary! Keep up
a good heart wife; may-be, no harm's
come to her!"

By the time he had finished this hasty
explanation, Mr. Horton had struck into
the path over the Hill, and in another
moment he was lost to view in the thick
growth of hemlocks which skirted either
side of the way.

It is a terrible thing to know that your
child—a creature of your own flesh and
blood—is exposed to imminent danger,
and yet know yourself powerless to aid!
impotent to help!

Mr. Horton hurried on—a dreadful fear
tugging at his heart, and urging him to
renewed and continued effort. The sum-
mit of the hill was gained; in the moist
sand he discerned the footprints of his
children—another incentive to exertion;
and he flew, rather than ran, along the
dangerous pathway.

But stay! his blood freezes! his life
congeals with horror at the spectacle
that greets his vision!

Before him stretched the open plain of
the forty acre lot.

At the southern extremity of this field
there was a huge rock, crowned with a
few stunted shrubs, and garnished here
and there with a handful of withered moss.

Near the centre of the clearing, the
father saw his children, and the strong
man shuddered at the sight!

James, his eldest boy, lay extended upon
the ground apparently lifeless, and but a
few paces from him stood Mary—his beau-
tiful, well-beloved Mary—her head was
destitute of covering, and her long fair
curls streamed out their glittering gold
upon the wind. Her right arm was lifted
towards the rock at the south; her left—
John Horton groaned aloud as he ob-
served it—her left hand was thrust down
the mouth of the monstrous bear, which
crouched at her side—aye, down to the
very shoulder!

For this scene the father was not long
in finding a solution. Following the di-
rection of that outstretched right arm, he
saw his crippled son Charles; crippled
from his birth; slowly nearing the rock—
a moment more, and he would be able to
scale it—once upon its summit, and he
was safe! He saw that the slender arm,
which alone kept the trio from destruc-
tion, was crushed in the animal's jaws—
in another breath that frail barrier would
be destroyed—the bear would be free—
and then—

He levelled his rifle.

"Mary, turn your face to the right!"
Not a tremor in his voice—its tones
were calm, even, and steady.

It was a fearful moment, but John Hor-
ton's hand did not tremble! A brave
man's never does in the hour of trial!

Mary heard her father's voice, and ob-
eyed his command. Immovable as a
statue she stood—her arm torn by the
teeth of the infuriated beast, that deadly
weapon pointed at her—her eyes fixed on
the form of the brother she was suffering
to save!

The man pulled the trigger, and closed
his eyes. The boom of the rifle rang out
sharp and loud over the clearing; he ut-
tered a prayer for strength, and looked in
the direction of his dearest hopes, his
dearest fears!

Oh, joyful sight! Oh, gracious God to
be so merciful! Mary still stood up, but
the bear writhed in the agonies of death!

The father rushed down the declivity,
and took his daughter in his arms.

"Oh, Mary! how much is it?"

He pointed at the quivering mass of
flesh which had once been an arm, white
and soft as that of the queenliest woman
in the land.

"Never mind, father! it has saved his
life!"

And sorrowing and grieving deeply over
the terrible price of that salvation, yet
was he glad that the noble heart of his
child had prompted it!

It seemed that, after taking her brother's
dinner to him, Mary had set out for
home, leaving Charles to return at even-
ing with James. She had proceeded but a
short distance on her way, when a cry
from Charles alarmed her, and turning,
she saw a large bear, followed by two cubs,
moving stealthily across the farther corner
of the field. To return to her brothers
was her first impulse, and she obeyed it.

James was a strong young fellow of fif-
teen, but he was armed only with a sickle,
which, though it did good duty in the
wheat-field, was but an indifferent defence
against the maddened and hungry animal.
Nevertheless, the boy determined upon
fight rather than flight; and Charles, crip-
pled though he was, was refused to try to es-
cape by deserting his brother.

The struggle between James and his adversary was prolonged and fearful. At times, victory seemed on the point of being with the boy; and then again, the superior strength of the brute overpowered him.

At length, a blow from the animal's huge paw, striking him upon the head, felled him to the earth, and in another moment he would have been food for the sneaking cubs, had not Mary—thinking only of saving her brother—rushed forward, and thrust her hand (in which she still held the little jug which had contained James' coffee) down the gaping mouth of the monster! Bruin was stunned and overpowered by this unexpected assault, and for an instant, she was subdued.

"For your life—Charlie! to the rock! to the rock!" cried the girl, waving her right hand—and Charles, frightened by her desperate face, and accustomed to obey her in all things, made his best progress for the place of safety. It was thus Mr. Horton found them; and in a few hurried sentences, Mary made him acquainted with the facts we have related.

James was uninjured, with the exception of a few deep scratches; and the application of cold water soon restored him to consciousness.

Saddened, and yet with a heart running over with gratitude, Mr. Horton bore Mary home in his arms, for pain and loss of blood had enfeebled her so much that she could not walk. James, supporting his lame brother, followed closely behind.

Half way across the mountain they were met by Mrs. Horton, who was driven almost to frenzy at the sight of her daughter.

"And to think," she said upbraidingly, "that I should be begrudging her a little time! and she in such a scene! Oh, dear! dear! My poor Mary! My poor girl!"

Mary Horton's mother never loved her blue-eyed girl in all her life as she loved her then! In happiness our powers of affection are latent; it needs trial and affliction to make them positive—to bring out, and ripen, and perfect! Mrs. Horton's feelings for her daughter underwent this change, and the inestimable blessing of Mary's existence had never been so apparent to her as now, when she realized how very near she had come to losing her!

Mary's arm was examined by the village physician, who immediately decided upon amputation at the shoulder. The following morning was fixed for the operation, and the good Doctor's boy rode half the night to bring Dr. Lowdon from Dover to assist in the process—old Dr. Gray declining to perform it alone.

Dr. Lowdon came promptly; and although his reputation as a skillful and successful practitioner had extended far and wide; he was yet a young man, not a day past twenty-six.

Mary bore the tedious operation without a shudder, and through it all Dr. Lowdon's countenance expressed for her the most intense admiration. The knowledge of her noble sacrifice;—her gentle, unvarying fortitude; and above all the calm, sweet loveliness of her face, impressed him with a new and delightful sentiment of interest in her destiny.

From that time, he became a constant visitor at the hill-side cottage; at first his anxiety for the welfare of the amputated limb was sufficient excuse; at last giving no reason for his coming beyond the language written in his eyes; and Mary must have understood this, for her color came when she met his gaze, and her heart quickened its throbbings when he sat down by her side.

One day, when the stump had become sufficiently healed, Dr. Lowdon delicately proposed an artificial limb. Mary burst into tears at the thought. He put his arm around her, and drew her up close to his side—so close that his lips touched her forehead.

"Mary"—he said—"why not let my life prove how happy I would be to yield up both my arms to your service?"

She blushed, and would have gone away from him, but he did not relax his hold, and his fine, earnest eyes searched her face; while he spoke again,

"Mary, your suffering has brought me happiness, for it has given me an excuse to linger near you. Are you—who sacrificed so much for a brother—ready to ruin forever the happiness of one who loves you better than any brother ever can? Look up, my child, and answer me!"

She did look up, and whether she answered him or not, we do not know, but, when young Dr. Lowdon went away that night, he held her tenderly to his breast, and kissing her lips, murmured—"God bless my Mary!"

When winter spread his mantle over the hills, and clothed the Winnipissee in an armor of ice, there was a wedding in the cottage on the hill-side; and the aged minister pronounced Edward Lowdon and Mary Horton "one flesh."

The happy husband took his wife to Boston, where he designed to locate himself in business, and what she did not know of books and the world he taught her; and a new source of pleasure was opened to him in so doing.

The crippled Charlie Horton was sent to school, afterwards to college, through Lowdon's instrumentality; and he is now

a distinguished lawyer in a neighboring state.

James Horton still tills the sturdy soil of New Hampshire; and though now three noble steamers plough the waters of the Winnipissee, and white villages dot the verdant shores, he has no wish to roam beyond the little principality left to him by his father.

Is it not a blessed thing to accept one's lot without a wish to change it?

Times' Correspondence.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 26th, '59.

The Canvass of 1860.—Who will be candidates for nomination.—U. S. Minister to Central America.—The Speaker Ship—Theatre, Rail, &c.

The self-chosen candidates for the Presidential nominations of the several political parties are now nearly all "before the people." Ceremony has been laid aside and the crowd of worthies anxious to serve and save their country, are girding themselves for the race, first having adopted the time-honored principle of "every man for himself and God for us all!"

Henry A. Wise of Va., by a singular *contre temet* has unequivocally arrayed himself among the aspirants for the White House. I allude to the unlucky letter, which the author would now, doubtless, give five years of his political life never to have written. Stephen A. Douglas, of Ill., is "out" in Harper's Magazine, defining his position. This is a tacit acknowledgment that he is in the field. His chances—(to express them by his own initials) are S. A. D. John Minor Botts, of Va., has signified that he is willing to shoulder the responsibilities of the Presidency. Seward of N. Y., is making sure of the Black Republican support. Jo. Lane, of Oregon, is on the track, and by no means, hindmost. While all these gentlemen and a score of others are doing more or less talking and writing, there is one sly old fox who is actively working. I mean John Slidell, of La. It is generally believed in political circles, here, that his chances are rather the best. *Nous verrons.*

Prof. Dimitry of La., has received the appointment of U. S. Minister to Costa Rica. The choice was not a political one, and is generally commended.

A great deal of speculation is taking place with regard to who will be the next Speaker of the House of Representatives. The latest calculations fix the honor on Hon. Emerson Etheridge of Tennessee upon whom it is thought a Majority of the "opposition" may unite.

The Theatre opens here on Monday week—a herald of the approaching gay season.

The drought that has prevailed for weeks in this section has at last been terminated by a glorious refreshing rain—a source of joy to the farmers.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

RALEIGH, N. C., Aug. 29th.

An accidental dissertation on Scientific Agriculture, showing its importance.—Financial.—The Chapel Hill magazine.—City Items.—Bishop Green.—First Cotton Bale.

Dear Times: There can be no reasonable doubt that our State will eventually take rank among the foremost in regard to Agriculture, particularly in the production of wheat, corn, cotton, tobacco and rice. What nation would not be proud to bear the palm of excellence in such a list! There are but few States which can boast a larger variety of production than our own; some years since it was reported that North Carolina was the only State that had filled, by the extent of her products, every blank in the census returns. And at this day, if all the facts and figures were fully and fairly set forth, there are but few, in proportion to the number of acres, that can make a better show for the dollars. This is the true touchstone, and "pity 'tis, 'tis true" in this country; no man, whatever his abilities, is much thought of, unless he has accumulated "the dimes," and the same is the rule in regard to a project or a plantation. Judged by this rule, then we can fairly presume on a high rank among our sisters; we hold ourselves ready to prove by incontestable facts that, on an average, more money is made to the hand here, than elsewhere, in this confederacy. We of course intend to take everything into the account, health, society, schools, general enjoyment, &c.

But we do not intimate that we have yet done our whole duty to ourselves and the State; we call on the educated men, those who yearly leave our University and our numerous colleges, to come forward to the work. These are the men we want, those who know and can appreciate the teachings of science and can correctly apply them to working out the desired end. Much the larger proportion of the odium cast on Book-Farming and the ill success of its followers arises from their blindly adhering to a set principle, instead of seeking for and heeding the influences which may

modify it. In a word we want more practical and scientific farmers, those who can combine and carry on the theory and practice and bring them so to bear on Nature, as to extract the most money. Science alone cannot do this, and practice on one farm oftentimes most disastrously fails on another. The true plan is to take a discovery or a theory, experiment with it, study it in all its bearings and modifications and educe its benefits for ourselves, as others have done elsewhere. To seize on a theory, and abruptly and violently force it from its natural surroundings and expect it to yield the results originally claimed, for it will often lead not only to disappointment but to destructive losses, loss not only pecuniarily but a loss of confidence in Agricultural Science and its most undoubted teachings. It is the peculiar province of educated men to correct this error, to direct the public mind aright in this matter; by so doing they will render an incalculable benefit to the State.

The cashier elect of the new Bank is at present in N. Y. on a visit of pleasure and business combined; a large portion of the gold subscribed has been sent North and invested in U. S. Bonds, some \$300,000 and another pile say \$270,000 has been loaned to the present Bank at 5 per cent. It is expected that the New Bank will be ready for operation sometime in October next; the notes will be on the same style as those recently issued by the Banks of Lexington and Charlotte. It has been determined that the towns of Elizabeth City and Newbern will not have branches; in the first named no books were opened. It is reported that the Bank of Commerce which was once thought to have expired by limitation, will be revived by some influential citizens and that the officers have been named. The Sheriffs have commenced settling this year quite as early as usual and up to this date some ten have paid into the Treasury about a fourth more than they did last year; this argues well for the amount of money afloat and for the continued increase in the prosperity of the State; it also shows very plainly how much our Taxes have increased and the fearful rate at which they advance. All this drain may act as a constant stimulus to our productive capacity or may eventually involve us in ruin; it will require much prudence in the Legislature of future years to prevent our rushing headlong into the abyss of bankruptcy, if we career along at our whirlwind speed.

We have been favored with a specimen copy of the N. C. "University Magazine," and find it a most creditable production in point of literary and artistic execution; this number opens with an excellent likeness of Dr. Caldwell, first President, from the hand of Sartain, the famous artist of the "Eclectic." The articles are quite creditable to "the boys" and the "Mag" deserves the encouragement of all the alumni, and a prize of \$30 is to be offered for the best essay produced by a student; we heartily wish them success. We are much pleased to learn that the report circulated here that a villager had been killed in an affray with the students is entirely without foundation, there was a very small specimen of a "row" and a man was beaten, but not severely injured.

Our merchants have gone north to secure their fall stocks and generally an extensive amount will be laid in; with good crops and plenty of money, they expect to do a large business. Our streets are as quiet as a country village, but we manage to raise a laugh now and then. The other evening two youths arrayed in extensive hoop skirts and voluminous veils, undertook a promenade; they were soon discovered beneath their disguises, and attracted such striking admiration, they hastily retired from the public gaze. Then on Friday night we were favored with the magnificent ascent of two balloons, which called a large portion of the citizens, and all the little boys and niggers into the streets; the first majestically ascended into the boundless fields of blue, while the other mounted to a considerable height and then—came down.

Rt. Rev. Dr. Green, P. E. Bishop of Mississippi, spent a few days in the city last week; he is a native of the State and was, for a long time, Professor at Chapel Hill. The good old man has lived to see nearly every member of his large family put under the sod, but still he bears his griefs and toils bravely, nobly fighting the battles of the Cross to the last.

Messrs. Williams and Haywood have on exhibition a large and well-filled cotton bale, the first of the season, from Johnson County. Very Respectfully,

P. S. S.

FOND OF WHISKY.—The Louisville Journal says: "We are exceedingly sorry to say that we yesterday saw a man get himself bitten by a big rattlesnake for the sake of having a quart of whiskey administered to him. He was killed by either the bite or the drink."

Rev. C. K. Caldwell has accepted the call of the Presbyterian Church in Pittsboro, N. C.

MUSIC—MISCELLANEOUS.

BY WILLIAM HAUSER, M. D.

NUMBER VI.

Another text from which to preach on musical progress, is afforded me in the six splendid operas published by Oliver Ditson & Co., of Boston, Mass., at \$3 each, by mail, and postage paid. They are got out in the most beautiful style of any works I have ever seen. In fact, I cannot take time to describe their beauty. Buy them, everybody, and see for yourselves.

Operas are the highest style of musical compositions—consisting of overtures, recitatives, solos, duets, choruses, symphonies and simple songs, grand marches that stir the valiant blood, and strains of tenderest pity that reach the sad fountains of the heart; in short, they aim at representing musically all the feelings of which the human soul is capable. That they fail in part is owing to the sorrowful fact that the great writers of them have been strangers to the happiness of communion with God and Christ—strangers to that "peace which passeth all understanding." Hence it is that, while full justice is done in them to all the animal passions and feelings, and generally to the moral emotions,

"They cannot reach the mystery, The length, the breadth, the height," of that style of music and of expression which it is left for happy christian white-folks and negroes at religious meetings to produce. Alas! that so grand, noble, enlightening, and elevating a thing as the opera should fail to reach that heavenly height which is so near its grasp. But the day of completeness and of full triumph for this grand machinery of moral elevation for man approaches. The sweet-souled Campbell has said:

"This distance lends enchantment to the view, And robes the mountain in its azure hue."

And minds less hopeful than my own will doubt the final perfectability of things which stand already arrayed in the gorgeous hues of heaven's own beauty before my dreaming soul; well, be it so, then, but I feel 'tis happier to dream on specially, as indeed I do not dream, but only walk in that "faith" which Paul says, "is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

But the six operas that have stirred the fountains of thought and feeling so greatly in my soul which I cannot utter. Two of them are by Bellini, the world-renowned *Norma*, and *La Sonnambula*; two by Verdi, *Il Trovatore*, [the Troubadour], and *Ernani*; and the other two by Donizetti, *Lucresia Borgia* and *Lucia di Lammermoor*. It was Donizetti's music which suited the resplendent genius of Jenny Lind, and which enabled her to sing like the swan to immortality.

Who is there that prides himself on exalted intelligence and glories in possessing the rarest gems of music that mortal mind ever produced, that will fail for a few paltry dollars, to get the above works immediately?

EXPERIMENTS IN CURING THE BITE OF THE RATTLESNAKE.—The snakes carried from Indiana to Ohio, have been used at the Ohio Medical College, in a series of experiments to ascertain an antidote for their poison. Says the Cincinnati Gazette:

A few days since a dog was introduced to the snake's cage, and was immediately bitten. Prof. Foote administered to him brandy containing five drachms bromine, four grains of iodide of potassium, and two grains of corrosive sublimate. He recovered in a short time. To test the question whether his recovery was due to the brandy or to the ingredients it contained in solution, another dog was suffered to be bitten on the 8th ult., and the bromine, iodide of potassium and corrosive sublimate administered alone. An hour after he seemed to be recovering slowly. The next experiment will be to administer the brandy alone, which is claimed to be an effectual remedy.

The Postmaster General has established a Post Office at Old Shop, Wake county, N. C., and discontinued the one at Bull Head, Greene county, N. C.

PHENOMENON ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—A caving in of the earth at Le Black, La., on the Mississippi river, took place last week, 180 feet wide and 700 feet long, carrying with it the house of a widow and an oak tree 75 feet high. Two springs were found issuing from the gulf left.

"Holloa! who's there?" exclaimed a young man as he entered the Bowling Saloon at Lake George.

"Tis I, sir, rolling rapidly," replied a young lady, as she sent a ball whizzing down the alley.

A GOOD CROP.—A crop of 7,000 bushels of prime wheat has been gathered from one plantation in Davidson county, N. C. An offer of 90 cents per bushel was made for the entire crop, at Lexington, N. C., but it was refused.

Why is a lover like a tailor? Because he presses his suit.

Business Cards.

NEW FIRM.
PORTER & CORRELL, Successors to
T. J. Patrick,
Wholesale and Retail
Druggists.
Greensboro, N. C. [4-17]

MARBLE WORKS
By GEORGE HEINRICH,
Manufacture of Monuments, Tombs, Head-Stones, &c., at reduced prices, near the Depot, Greensboro, N. C.
Orders from a distance promptly filled.
February, 1858. 110-17

WASHINGTON HOTEL.
Change of Proprietors.
Broad street, Newbern, N. C. JOHN F. JONES, Proprietor.

The undersigned respectfully announces to the travelling public that he has taken charge of this old and popular establishment, and is now prepared to accommodate travellers and private families with board by the day or month on the most accommodating terms. His TABLE will always be furnished with the best provisions that home and foreign markets can afford.

The Washington Hotel has large rooms, is nearer the Depot, the Court House and the business streets than any other in the city.

An Omnibus will always be at the Depot and Landing on the arrival of the cars and steamboat to convey passengers to the Hotel free of all charge.

By stopping at this Hotel passengers will have ample time to obtain meals.

Having also a large and commodious Stable and an excellent OSTLER, he is fully prepared to board horses by the day, week or month at the most reasonable rates.

JOHN F. JONES.

January 1st.-17.

TO THE PUBLIC.—The undersigned being well known as a writer, would offer his services to all those requiring literary aid. He will write Oration, Addresses, Essays, Presentation Speeches and replies, prepare matter for the Press, write Acrostics, Lines for Albums, Obituaries, and in fact attend to every species of correspondence. The utmost secrecy maintained. Address, FINLEY JOHNSON, 107th Baltimore, Md.

LOOK AT THIS.

R. L. DONNELL is taking pictures at FIFTY CENTS. He invites all to come and give him a fair showing and he will insure them good pictures, or NO CHARGE WILL BE MADE. Rooms formerly occupied by Scott & Correll, second story Garrett's brick building, West Market, Greensboro, N. C. 39-17.

LOOK AT THIS!

WE ARE NOW RECEIVING OUR stock of **Spring and Summer Goods.** Our entire stock being new and of the latest styles in market, and embracing every variety of dress goods, both for Ladies and Gentlemen; also a heavy stock of Domestic Goods for servants' wear. Also a large stock of Shoes, Boots, fine and common Hats, Caps, Children's fancy hats, Ladies' Bonnets, some very handsomely trimmed, and a great variety of fancy articles.

We will still continue to keep our usual stock of Superior Family Groceries, Java, Lager and Rio Coffee; Sugars, Teas, Molasses, Syrup, Lard, Oil, &c., &c.

We are determined to sell for Cash or on Short Time to punctual dealers, as cheap or cheaper than they can be bought in this or any other market in N. C. All kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange for goods, at the Cash Market Price. Examine our stock before you purchase elsewhere.

COLE & AMIS,
West Market Street,
Greensboro, N. C.

BELTS! BELTS!! BELTS!!!
I INTEND KEEPING INDIA-RUBBER Belts, all sizes, for sale. Below is a list of prices.

2 inch	3 ply	12 1/2	cts. per foot.
2 1/2	"	17	"
3	"	22	"
4	"	27	"
5	"	32	"
6	"	38	"
7	"	42	"
8	"	48	"
10	"	60	"
12	"	72	"

J. B. F. BOONE.

ARCHITECTURE. WILLIAM PERCIVAL ARCHITECT, OFFICE Fayetteville St. Raleigh, will supply Designs, Working Drawings, Specifications and Superintendence for Churches, Public and Private Buildings &c., &c.

He respectfully refers to those by whom he is engaged in this State.

New Baptist Church Committee, Raleigh, University Building Committee, Chapel Hill, New Court House Committee, Yanceyville, Caswell County,

E. S. TUCKER, Raleigh
W. M. BOYLAN, do
W. C. HARRISON, do

W. S. Battle Esq., Rocky Mount, Edgecombe County, and others.

All Letters on Business addressed Box 103 Raleigh, N. C. promptly attended to. 10-51

JAMES S. PATTERSON, PRACTICAL DESIGNER AND ENGRAVER ON WOOD, No. 1 Spruce Street, opposite city hall, New York. Country orders carefully attended to. Feb. 1859. 6-17

LIQUORS.—WHISKIES, Brandies, Wines, Gin, Porter, Ale, Lager Beer, and Cider-Royal of warranted qualities, wholesale and retail, at the old stand of Rankin & McLean, by W. S. CLARK. Greensboro, Jan. 1. 1859.

JOHN W. PAYNE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Having permanently located in Greensboro, N. C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands. Jan. 8, 1857. 58-17.

THE TIMES.



GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, Sept. 3, 1859.

C. C. COLE, } Editors and Proprietors.
J. W. ALBRIGHT. }

Contributors.

We present only a few names from the large number who contribute to THE TIMES:

E. W. CARTERS, D.D.,
WM. R. HUNTER,
J. STARR HOLLOWAY,
MR. L. H. SIGOURNEY,
J. WOODRUFF LEWIS,
S. J. C. WHITFIELD,
MARY W. JANVIN,
WILLIE E. FARMER,
INA CLAYTON,
C. G. DENY,
ANNA M. BATES,
GRACE MILWOOD,
MRS. L. M. HUTCHINSON,
ED. ST. GEO. COOKE,
MRS. C. HUTCHINS,
GRIFFITH J. MORRE,
and others.

GEO. W. COTHRAN,
E. G. STAPLES,
STEPHEN F. MILLER,
Prof. E. F. ROCKWELL,
MAYBEL C. SMILEY,
FINLEY JOHNSON,
LOTTIE LINWOOD,
CLARA AUGUSTA,
A. PERRY SPERRY,
MRS. DI. VERNON,
PAUL RIVINGTON,
MRS. G. W. LAYTON,
MRS. E. C. LOMIS,
JULIA RUTHERFORD,
H. A. DWIGHT,
J. C. FITZ GERALD,
and others.

Thought-Impressing at Death.

In science or metaphysics a succession of sequences would establish the fact of cause and effect. Yet hardly any man, even with the most superstitious, could be found a believer in the visual proofs of the moribund human influence, though we might refer to a hundred admitted instances. Many instances we know, are remarkable, and though no one pretends to give a "reason why," yet they always give interest to the public. From among those more recently gathered, we give the few following:

A well-known medical man, whom we will call Sigismund, narrated the following:

"I was staying," said he, "down in Wales, at a beautiful but lonely cottage. I was in a melancholy and distressed mood, on account of an absent friend whom I dearly loved, and whom I knew to be dangerously ill. One evening, late in autumn, I was sitting by a fire, which was acceptable at that season, but, as I am fond of air, had left unclosed the window of my little sitting-room, which opened down to the ground, and gave access to the lawn in front of the house. There was a bright moon shining out of doors, so that I could see distinctly anything moving in the garden. Suddenly I saw very near to the window what seemed to me the face and figure of the friend about whom I was anxious. I did not see him as a shadow, or as an unsubstantial shape and outline of the brain, but as a real material being, as completely external to myself as you are at this moment. As the last accounts of my friend had been more favorable, I made no doubt it was himself, who had by some miracle come down to Wales. I must say, however, that this was more an impression arising from the reality of the appearance than any consequence of reasoning about the matter. The whole took place so quickly, I had no time to reflect. I went out to meet my friend, but as I passed into the garden, he seemed to recede from me, and to retire altogether from my view. I went round the little territory, calling out and looking round the shrubberies for my friend; but, as I saw nothing, I began to conclude the whole affair had been my fancy. So I returned into the parlour, saying to myself, 'How strange!' I sat down by the fire again but, with a sort of restlessness, had taken a different chair to what I had at first, and placed myself in it on the other side to where I had been sitting before, so that the empty chair faced me. Suddenly, as I lifted up my eyes I saw my friend sitting in the opposite chair. This time there seemed no possibility of illusion. There he was, looking at me most kindly and affectionately. The light of the fire shone brightly on his face, which was a remarkably handsome one, and which now bore the aspect of health. There was about the countenance a beauty and a radiance that looked angelical, and which I shall never forget. The next moment I lost my recollection and was only aroused from a kind of fainting fit by the restoratives applied by my landlady, who had heard me fall heavily on the floor, where she found me lying senseless."

"Well," I asked, "and was your friend dead?"

"Yes, he had died on the same night, and as far as could be ascertained, at the very hour when I thought I saw him."

"Well," I asked, "does not this strike you?"

"It is singular, certainly," responded the doctor; "but my fainting fit showed I was in a disordered state, such as might, probably, have produced an ocular illusion."

"Yes, but what say you to your friend having died at the identical time of his appearing to you?"

"Oh!" was the answer, "that was certainly a singular coincidence; and yet I consider it only as a coincidence."

It is remarkable how generally I have found that, like Dr. Sigismund, the seers of apparitions were not believers in apparitions. I do not find that fear or superstition has grown out of these visitations, but the contrary; and this unbelieving belief, this quiet acceptance of fact as a fact argues, I think, an instinctive feeling that such visitations are subject to a natural law, and are not those real presences from another world, at the idea of which we revolt as with an innate sense of disorder and incongruity.

Another singular fact, respecting thought-impressing by dying friends, is that nearly all the apparition stories which have been related to me by the seers themselves have not come out of the mouths of pale, wild, distractedly staring mortals, but of decent looking bodies, who were remarkable for what is called "good sense." Sometimes, as in foregoing story, the narrator has been a doctor, a man of fact, and materialistic tendency; sometimes a staid mathematician, who would ask, a propos of Milton's Paradise Lost, the famous question, "What does it prove?" Another remarkable thing is, that all these common sense narrators believed in their own stories, but not in ghosts; and that, when hard-pressed by the number of recorded visions similar to their own, which invariably occurred under similar circumstances, namely, at the very moment when the person supposed to be beheld was in the act of dying; all agreed in one common explanation, *visual delusion* and mere coincidence.

These ghost seers, then, were not credulous persons; nay, so little credulous, as to refuse to connect by any substantial link two phenomena which—not twice, but twenty times—occurred in sequence. Philosophy says otherwise, Bacon and Babbage (in any matters not ghostly) say otherwise. Phenomena that happen more than a few times coincidentally are allowed to be related in the manner of cause and effect.

The two instances of simple vision resulting from thought-impressing at the moment of death, which I am about to bring before the reader, were related to me by just one of those undeniable witnesses. They were told me by the Rev. W. W.—n, mathematical tutor at one of the Cambridge colleges: a man of talent, and of undoubtedly hard brains, for he has written more than one work upon the most crabbed questions of Fluxions and the Differential Calculus—works highly esteemed.

Number One happened to the Professor himself.

"When I was about ten years old" (W. W.—n loquitor) "I was taken much notice of by a lady of rank and fortune. My own mother being dead, this excellent person almost supplied to me her place. Very often I stayed for weeks in her house. The last time that this was the case, Lady M. was suffering from indisposition.—First she kept her room, then her bed. I had not seen her for some days, but that she was dangerously ill I was not told. Indeed, from her native kindness of heart, I am sure all those about me were studiously warned not to alarm or distress me by speaking to me of Lady M.'s precarious state. Yet, though I felt that the watchful care of this lady was still over me, that through her invisible attention my meals were brought to me as usual, and my pony came to the door at the accustomed hour, I was rather pining for the society of my kind friend, and often asking, 'When shall I be allowed to see Lady M.?' The answers to this question were evasive. But the last thing a child thinks of is death. I had no fears that Lady M. would die.

"One night I was lying in my little bed. It was winter. The fire cast a bright light all over the room. I had not long been in bed; I had not been asleep. Indeed, I know that I was at that moment as wide awake as I am now. Suddenly though I neither saw nor heard the door open, I saw Lady M. quite distinctly, advancing as if from the door towards my bed. She was dressed in a white wrapper. The fire shone upon her face. I never doubted that it was herself. Stretching out my arms, I cried, 'Oh! Lady M., are you indeed come once more to see your little prince?' (her name for me).—

But she did not answer a word. She came on to within a certain distance of my bed, then stood still, and looked upon me with such an intense expression of kind affection that I never saw equalled. Then, somehow, I can hardly tell in what manner, she seemed to retreat from me, and, as it were, to go out through the wall. She was gone. But I did not feel frightened. I supposed that Lady M., having come, as she sometimes did, to my room, to see I had everything comfortable, had feared to disturb me by speaking, and so had gone out quickly somehow by the door, or a door, of course. So I fell asleep, greatly comforted and pleased at having seen Lady M.

"The next morning there was a mixture of silence and mysterious sound in the house. Strange persons crept about. I was hindered from going near the door of Lady M.'s chamber. At last I was told, in answer to my reiterated entreaties that I should see Lady M., for she was now well, I said (had she not come herself to my room the preceding night?) that Lady M. was dead—had expired at the very moment (as far as could be ascertained) when I had seen her, the evening before, come to my bedside and look at me so yearningly."

I, of course, asked the Professor if, by possibility, Lady M. (unwatched during that moment) might really (as in the case of some other supposed spectre) have come to his bedside, and returned to die in her own room? The Professor declared that such a thing was impossible, for Lady M.'s own mother, knowing her daughter's moments were numbered, had never left the sick-bed for a single moment, and in her arms the poor patient breathed her last at the identical time when the appearance visited Mr. W.—n.

The second story told me by mathematical Reverend W.—n, runs thus:

At St. John's College, Cambridge, was a professor of the name of Fallows, a deviant senior wrangler, "a rosy man right plump to see." He was an especial friend of Mr. W.—n, who was in the habit of seeing him constantly. One morning calling upon him, Mr. W.—n found his friend in his dressing-gown at a later hour than usual, reclining on his sofa, and looking pale and dispirited. To continue in the words of Mr. W.—n: "I asked Fallows, 'What is the matter with you? Are you ill?' 'No! I am not ill. I rallied him on his despondency, and entreated him to tell me the cause. He said, 'You will laugh at me if I tell you.' I assured him, I promised him, that I would not. At length, after much pressing, he said, 'If ever I saw any one, I saw my friend M. last night at the foot of my bed.' 'Why,' replied I, 'he is in Scotland.' 'I know it,' said Fallows, 'and that is the wonder of it, and the horrible thing. For he appeared to me with dripping hair and swollen features, and with all the appearance of a drowned corpse. And I cannot get out of my head that something has happened to him.' 'My dear friend,' I said, 'you have only had a horrible dream, and be sure nothing will come of it.' However, do all I could, I found it impossible to remove the impression from Fallows's mind. For days he continued melancholy, and at length one morning he put a letter into my hands with merely these words 'You see I was right!' The letter was to narrate that on the very night when Fallows had received the impression, his friend had been drowned in crossing a ford in Scotland."

Works by Hon. Horace Mann.

THOUGHTS FOR YOUNG MEN, Price 25 cents.

POWERS AND DUTIES OF WOMEN, Price 35 cents.

EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE, on the Poor and Ignorant, Rich and Educated, Price 25 cents.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS, and other proceedings at the Dedication of Antioch College, Price 25 cents.

DEMANDS OF THE AGE ON COLLEGES, Price 20 cents.

The above works by the Hon. Horace Mann, are published by Fowler & Wells, 308 Broadway, New York, and will be forwarded to any address, free of postage, on receipt of the price.

IN A FINE PHRENSY ROLLING—A brilliant young gentleman remarked, the other day, to a lady with whom he was bowling:

"I think, Miss, that you would have made a capital baker."

"Indeed, sir, why?"

"Because you make such excellent rolls."

"That's a fine strain" said one gentleman to another alluding to the tones of a singer at a concert, the other evening: "Yea," said a countryman who sat near, "but if he strains much more he'll burst."

Our Own Gossip.

EDITED BY "PONINGOE."

The impetuosity of children has worked itself into a proverb. Childhood is a season of ungovernable tempers and heart-breaking submissions. 'Boys will be boys,' is an old saying, and we beg leave to add, 'gals will be gals,' for the matter don't admit of the most invisible ghost of a doubt. When we (as we sometimes do) put on the slippers of memory and go on a journey over the past, away back even to the days when we wore short frocks and deemed the melody of a rattle-box the climax of sweet music, remembrance reminds us that we had more 'spunk' then to tear, rip and bawl, if we could not have our own way, than we would care to have at this maturer date of our existence. As Byron says:

'The days of our youth
Are the days of our glory.'

That's so. There used to be more real sweetness and pleasure, to us, in one stick of unadulterated 'lasses cand,' than we have been able to find in all the favorable events of life, since we jumped the gulph which divides Youthland from Manhood, and suffered an auburn (?) moustache to vegetate upon our upper lip right beneath our very eyes. We have not grown to be so big a man that we have forgotten that we were once a boy. Some do forget that—criminals that they are. Don't somebody say,

'Men are but children of larger growth?'

Yes. Well, then, Mr. Dignity, throw off your offishness and bearishness, and just remember the next time you give that little youngster of yours a 'tremenjine' flogging that you were once a 'wee' and the victim of the same kind of operation. But we are getting along two fast, so we make way for the following 'good one' from our witty and racy correspondent 'Di Vernon.'

THE SPORTSMAN.

Said Billy, "Mamma, may I take down the gun, I want to go shooting—I must have some fun."

"I'm afraid you'll get hurt, son, so do have a care."

"Oh, yes, I'll be careful, I will, I declare."

Away, then, went Billy—his head tossing high, till perched on a poplar a thrush met his eye, Bang! bang! went the musket! the smoke cleared away.

And flat on the green sward poor Billy then lay. He rose up quite slowly—he gazed all around—The bird he had shot at was not to be found. 'Tis clear,' then, said Billy, 'your days had been done, Had you only been at my end of the gun.'

That was a lucky bird..... 'Di' chases this up with a poem

ON THE DEATH OF A SPIDER.

Alas! I crushed thy form unwittingly,
And thou art dead!
Poor spider! thy lone mate will seek for thee
And find thee fled.
Ah! she will grieve and from her little eyes
Two tears will fall,
But when a solitary fly she spies
Upon the wall,
She'll think no more of thee, but straightway go
A web to spin
Around the thoughtless insect, even so
To take him in
And when she's got him fast, he'll buzz in vain
For liberty;
She'll slay and eat, then softly give again
A sigh for thee,
Her tender limbs she'll fasten to the wall
And go to sleep;
But when she dreams she hears her spider call
She'll wake—to weep.
Around her lonely web her eyes will roam
In deep despair—
'What now to her is happiness or home?'
'Thou art not there!'

Isn't that pathetically poetical? We think so..... 'Jenny Mayflower' sends us a chapter on

PERSEVERANCE.

Dear Gossip:—I beg leave to say a few words on 'Perseverance.' Well, then, to commence, perseverance is the basis of all successful exertion. It is composed of the elements of moral strength, and hope. What man ever accomplished much without having persevered,—trampling down obstacles and fighting his way like a true warrior. Give me the man that isn't afraid to fight when necessary and right. Such a being can no more be opposed successfully than I could disfigure and darken the sun with an ordinary paint-brush. No, sir, the man who desires to arrive at distinction, or to attain wealth, must expect to meet with reverses, but if he will persevere and believe in the song which says

'There are better days a-coming
Bye and bye.'

he is just as sure to gain his ends as I am to grow hungry about dinner-time. Mr. Gossip, let men persevere more; let them learn to hope and we will have a better—a wiser world.—Longfellow says:

'In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life;
Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife,
Ever still be up and doing
With a heart for any fate!
E'er achieving, e'er pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.'

See how many around us toil and thrive—thrive because they persevere. Look at the many happy homes that dot our land.—Noble results of patience, hope and perseverance. Therefore let the cry be 'perseverance now and forever!'

Yours persistently,
JENNY MAYFLOWER.

We would like to know what 'Jenny' will not write about. She hops about like a flea, and when you put your hand out to reach her she 'aint thar.' Here to-day and there to-morrow, like a true Ishmael, she don't ponder enough on one theme

to give to the world a true exhibition of her mental powers. 'Jenny' stick a pin there..... 'Doctor Jones,' gives us a sermon on

MISCHIEF MAKING.

Dear Gossip:—Mischievous-making with some individuals has grown to be as chronic and incurable as rheumatism with others. They are continually scratching their brains (as hens do the earth) in hopes of finding something to commence some mischief with. This mischief usually consists of the brewing of petty slanders, white lies and such like, and is, certainly, perfectly abominable. Women (I am sorry to say) are more given to this habit than men. They, by their tongues, turn the prettiest silk dress into a plain mouslin one, and they don't see for their part, how the Smiths can afford to cut such a dash as they do. They are always at work setting one woman against another, thereby getting up any number of family disturbances among neighbors. Now, this, of course, reprehensible, and, I must say, that there should be violent measures taken to put a stop to it. The peace of homes and hearts is destroyed under its blighting influence, and many a tear it has given birth to. If people would only think before they speak, and deliberate before they act, there would be less mischief-making in the world. A mischief-maker is a nuisance in human shape. That's the opinion, at least of

DOCTOR JONES.

You are right 'Doctor'..... 'Poetas' sends us the following poem:

AUTUMN HAS COME.

Autumn has come and through the leaves,
The spirit of the west-wind grieves,
Yellow, and red, and brown, the grass
Bends downward while the chill frosts pass,
No more in wildwood grove is heard
The merry song of cheerful bird,
And trailing vines, low drooping, say,
'All things of beauty pass away.'
The sky is mantled with blue haze,
For these are Indian Summer days,
At night the voices of the wind
Ope every eye to memory blind,
And looking back o'er paths of sin
We sigh to think what we have been.
Soon Winter's reign will dawn, and trees
No longer court the kissing breeze;
The leaves be crowned with the snow
And cold winds thro' the valleys blow.
And now I hear the west-wind say
'All things of beauty pass away.'
And it is all for the best, we believe.....
Here endeth our 'Gossip.'

WRITERS FOR THE TIMES.

Departed.

BY ANNA M. BATES.

To the green Summer of the Better Land,
Than this of earth more fair,
An angel piloted with faithful hand,
His barque of life unto the pearly stand
And anchored there.

Not when the soft leaves shone,
Not when the dew drops jewelled summer
flowers,
That sparkled in the woodlands where alone
The song birds built their bowers:
Did his high spirit list the wailing tone
That called from world of ours?

To the far glorious home
We picture with its palaces and halls
That shine across the stormy water's foam,
Its streets of gold its jewelled glittering dome,
And glimmering waterfalls.

Not when the leaves were red
And drifting in their splendor down the air
And ripe nuts pattering from overhead
And golden mists along the hill-sides spread,
Was unto him the angel message said
That made him hasten there.

But when the winter made
His palaces of ice and frost and snow
All of his earth hopes in the dust were laid,
And yet he murmured I am not afraid
As through the Vale I go.

Give this poor frame a rest
Amid its loved ones' plant with gentle care
The early blossoms of the summer there
And come ye often in the evening air,
Breathing affection's tone and Faith's low
prayer.

Over my silent breast.
The Land of Heaven is bright,
Purer by far than ours and he is there
Where the evangelists walk in robes of light,
Where sweet hopes blossom, where the lost
unite;

And ye will meet him there,
Mid the still beauty of that sainted shore
To part no more!

"THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE."—The September No. of this monthly periodical has come to hand. As usual, it is filled with interesting and profitable reading, and is embellished with beautiful portraits of Baron Von Humboldt and Mary Queen of Scots. The leading article in this No. is entitled "Zwingli and the Swiss Reformation," from the London Review—taking the reader back to by-gone years, amid stirring scenes in Switzerland. An article on "Arctic Exploration," may gratify the reader who takes an interest in that subject. A glance at "Peasant Life in Hungary," will please those fond of traveling. "Alexander Von Humboldt," and a dozen of other very interesting articles grace the No. before us, which we have not time now to notice.

As this No. begins a new volume it is a good time to subscribe, and get the premium print.

Published by W. H. Bidwell, No. 5, Beekman st., New York, at \$5 per year.

Times' Correspondence.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

SUMMER RAMBLINGS IN NEW ENGLAND.

Country Life—A Comical Yankee Farmer—Trout Fishing—Extraordinary Sermon—Ye Ancient Town of Stratford—Southwold.

Country life—what a longing desire do those two words bring to the weary mind after a winter of earnest labor and the beauties of spring have ceased, when the latter has mellowed into deep golden summer, when all natural loveliness of the outer world seems bursting with ripeness and plenty. Aye, it is a season which makes the heart anxious to be "on the wing" far from the noisy din of city life amid the freshening delights which God has given to his creatures. I love the country with her green hills, forest trees, large and spacious lawns, rivers winding here and there all sparkling with silvery beauty.

August is our month of pleasure at the North—every body travels more or less, very many seeking some retired nook, deep in the wild nature, and there they dream away a month of almost perfect happiness.

These exquisite lines, from the charmed pen of Mary Howitt, always have a freshness—in my ramblings very frequently I am forced to repeat the verse, for the lines are so true to nature:—

"It is summer! it is summer! how beautiful it looks,

There is sunshine on the old gray hills, and sunshine on the brooks;

A singing bird on every bough, soft perfumes on the air,

A happy smile on every young lip, and gladness every where."

Connecticut abounds in delightful places for summer resort, one can either enjoy the fresh sea wind or the more bracing mountain air. A few weeks ago I left the city of Elms (New Haven) on my summer jaunt, and after a day's ride by rail I was safely landed some sixty miles back in the state of "wooden nutmegs" and "steady habits," surrounded by scenery imposing and grand! Hills towering as if to meet the blue of heaven, valleys crowded with giant trees, fields rich with new mown grass. For weeks I enjoyed these pleasures, so abounding about me, healthy pleasures! teeming with a life which invigorates the tired body, and floods the "over soul" with a sensation of rural joy so congenial to every admirer of the beautiful. I spent most of my time near the noted old town of Litchfield (settled in 1724—its Indian name was Bantam), the birth place of the gallant Gen. Ethan Allen, one of the heroes of '76. The character of the farmers about Litchfield may be said to be decidedly Yankee, holding on the faith of the old "Blue Laws"—(so noted in this state in the early days of American history) with a tenacity wonderful beyond belief. One old farmer (a comical Yankee was he) whom it was my good fortune to learn something of, I took a particular liking to—he was an honest man and every way worthy of being regarded with respect—odd, terribly so! humorous to a great degree, his little gray eyes, fat, solid, body, and his duck-like gait made him quite an object of interest. I generally spent a short time with him every evening, I was sure to meet him just after sun down setting in his doorway enjoying the luxury of a pipe and looking the "Monarch of all he surveyed."

"Well, stranger, how have ye enjoyed the day," would be his opening appeal.

I generally gave him a full description how and where and what I had done, and to repay me he would relate some clever story which I fully appreciated.

The last night I enjoyed his social company, after gossiping about his neighbors, telling of all their failings and backslidings, he ran on with, "Well stranger, I'm going to 'salt' for a few days."

"Salt? what do you mean by that expression?" I remarked.

"O, ha! ha! well!" said he, scratching his closely cut hair, and looking at me with those little twinkling gray eyes—

"Don't you know what I mean by going to 'salt'?"

"No," I replied.

"Why, I am going to salt,—that is our style up here when we are going to catch clams down on old Milford Beach where Long Island Sound rolls her sky blue waves!"

This was too much for me and after bidding him a sudden good night, I walked towards my country nook, laughing at his Yankee style of "salting for the Summer!"

Trout fishing has been very good this season on these mountain streams—the cool summer days have made this sport most agreeable. There is quite a deal of lively fun catching trout with the grasshopper, as one stands hid away amid bushes watching his line as it frolics down the stream with the grasshopper at the end of the "leader," how excited the feelings become, watching and hoping with eagerness for the trout—soon he takes the grasshopper springing with it into the air and then darting down the stream, after he has played with it a short time, we seal him home and lay him away in the basket—we keep up the life

until we are satisfied our baskets are quite heavy with trout only leaving the sport to resume it on the morrow.

A Sabbath in the country never comes amiss to me.

"A Sabbath morning! calm and bright
The sun goes up the eastern sky,
And flings abroad a fairy light,
On every thing that meets the eye—
The mountains look more grand to day,
The valleys have a sweeter green,
The waters have a wilder play,
The birds are singing to the scene."

How beautiful all natural scenery appears on this sacred day, the cattle seem more quiet as they lay under the shade of trees, the hum of the insect is softer and sweeter to the ear. Who that has spent a Sabbath in the country but has felt all this as he looked out upon the quiet scene. Well may the poet dream as he weaves his song into verse, well may his soul go out to welcome the beautiful of earth, for it is meet in man so to do, it makes him more Christ-like when his better feelings are touched by such noble inspirations!

It was my last Sabbath in the country (for this season) the day was surely a most perfect one, rich with all that which contributes to the happiness of man—a day which loiters long in Memory's Mirror, freighted with beautiful gems, worthy for the mind to keep sacred,—gems culled from Nature's fount in all their blushing colors, fragrant with odors pure and refreshing! As I rode to church the rustic life had a charm for me—within the sacred house, of ancient build, all was hushed and the church goers seemed to feel the sacred spell which ever floats about within. The individual who occupied the pulpit was a man of middle age, fine and intellectual looking, and though somewhat more easy in his style of dress than most of our Northern clergymen—who are remarkably stiff in appearance, and sometimes more remarkably dull in their not too short sermons—yet there was that about this gentleman which gave me to expect something original. I was not disappointed—his subject was the truth of the Gospel,—it is rarely I have listened to a finer discourse—he possessed wonderful oratorical powers, his logical abilities were equally astonishing—he not only made his points clear to his own mind but had the happy art of making his hearers fully comprehend them.

"He was a deep observer, and he looked Quite through the deeds of men."

I listened to this brilliant mind with deep attention, he won me to him—his fascination was complete, his voice charmed my sense of hearing as he poured thought after thought out meeting this and that point, clearing all obstacles that might arise and sailing onward with an intellectual freedom that few scholars possess. His effort was a masterly one, and I shall always remember it both as an intellectual and spiritual treat. I learned after church he was the Rev. Dr. R.—formerly pastor over a congregational church at New Orleans which he left a few years ago on account of ill health.

Stratford, this ancient town, settled in 1639, is one of the most rural as well as aristocratic villages in Connecticut. Here was built the first Episcopal Church in the state which stood for over a hundred years, before the good people of this interesting town saw fit to demolish it and erect on its site a more fashionable house of worship. It was my pleasure to spend a night there on my homeward trip and I can hardly remember of enjoying myself more agreeably than I did while there?

Says the authoress of Southwold—of whose work I shall have some comments to offer respecting its merits before concluding this letter—"Among the many beautiful villages that lie along the sound coast of New England, there is none more beautiful than Stratford—it rests among green meadows on the shore of the peaceful Housatonic, it has wide streets, full of glorious old elms, and quaint houses looking out over neat white pallings."

Indeed, Stratford is a most inviting village, I know of none more so in the state. It is a place where one might dream a life time away in country quietude without ever guessing that he resided near to a city. Yes, it is a dreamy place, a nook one side from the general uproar of life, a fitting home for the author or poet where the imagination may wander at will 'mid country scenery and houses of long ago build all harmonizing—quietly so—with the beauties of natural life. Its long street is generally deserted, now and then strays along some frolicsome urchin and happy young Miss with health and hope graven on their pleasant features, alive with youth's golden dream, and who can blame them? as they tarry under those tall elms on a summer's day, and chat so gently that the passer by is not disturbed, nor do they fear any interruption, for all has a "Sabbath stillness" and this very hush of life is only broken in upon by the loud screams of the iron horse as he flies through the town perhaps fearful of that ever sameness which continually hovers there.

The evening I spent there the moon was in her full purity, luscious and softly brilliant did she appear, sending her floods of silvery light through the leafy elms and along the patches of green grass,

now and then lighting the exterior of some old homestead, looming up silently and grand far in the yard where it stands. It was a most perfect night, and as I slowly trod the silent street with pleasant companions I thought of the "bard of Avon," of his home in Stratford (England) where in ages back he lived to create for the intellectual pleasure of man such poetry, that every age since has been astonished and amazed that such a brilliant mind has ever existed. The hour was a fitting one for such thoughts and when I parted with the night to dream my day dreams over, I felt myself more than paid for a few hours in this ancient village.

Southwold, a novel, recently published by Rudd & Carleton of New York, the authoress, of which, resides at Stratford. Having spoken of this quaint village it seems no more than proper I should say a little something respecting the lady's literary abilities. She formerly lived in New Haven, at Maple Cottage (now the home of the Hon. Collin M. Ingersoll.) When here her personal beauty attracted much attention in the society in which she moved. When Southwold was announced to be forthcoming the upper tendons were thrown into a fit of eager excitement concerning this new novel.—When it made its appearance many a dollar went into the bookseller's draw for curiosity's sake merely, for society must be gratified by seeing what the fair authoress really could produce in the way of a work of fiction. The lady got her share of literary notices and was dealt with quite gently by the critics.

Southwold does not pretend to be anything but a novel—I could not class it with the first order of American novels. It has many fine passages and the story is quite cleverly narrated—but it is too much of a romance, and altogether too light to be considered a valuable novel.—Yet it bespeaks a fine order of talent for the authoress. If she should at a later period in life be induced to embark in another literary trial I fully believe she would give to the reading community a work of a more substantial order and one better calculated to spread her literary fame.

Truly Yours,
PAUL RIVINWOOD.

ELOQUENT EXTRACT.—The best thing yet written by Edward Everett in his "Mount Vernon papers" is an article on the late comet. After describing its approach to the earth and the beautiful picture it presented, he says:

"Return, then, mysterious traveler, to the depths of the heavens, never again to be seen by the eyes of men now living! Thou hast run thy race with glory! Millions of eyes have gazed upon thee with wonder, but they shall never look upon thee again. Since thy last appearance in these skies, empires, languages and races of men have died away—the Macedonian, the Alexandrian, the Augustan, the Parthian, the Byzantine, the Saracenic, the Ottoman dynasties have sunk or are sinking into the gulf of ages. Since thy last appearance old continents have relapsed into ignorance, and new worlds have come out from behind the veil of waters. The Magian fires are quenched on the hill-tops of Asia; the Chaldean is blind; the Egyptian hieroglyphic has lost its cunning; the Oracles are dumb. Wisdom now dwells in the farthest Thules, or in newly discovered worlds beyond the sea. Haply, when wheeling up again from the celestial abysses, thou art once more seen by the dwellers of the earth, the language we speak shall be forgotten, and science shall have fled to the utmost corners of the earth. But even there His hand, that now marks out thy wondrous circuit, shall still guide thy course; and then, as now, Hesper will smile at thy approach, and Arceturus with his sons rejoice at thy coming."

AN AWFUL RETRIBUTION.—A Man Flayed Alive.—Some time last spring a company of Pike's Peakers left Grayville, Illinois, for the Kansas gold regions.—While traveling through the Indian country on their way out, one of the company, a young man of desperate character, from the vicinity of Grayville, named Haynes, declared his determination to shoot the first Indian he met; and unhappily, during the day they overtook on the prairie a defenseless squaw, when he, in mere wicked wantonness, leveled his gun and shot her dead.

His companions were horror-stricken at the blood-thirsty deed, but felt that they had no power to punish him. The tribe to which the squaw belonged was not far distant when the deed was perpetrated. They discovered her lifeless body, and saw at once the manner of her death.—They pursued the party of Illinois Pike's Peakers, and in a few hours overtook them and demanded to know who had committed the murder. The company of five or six Pike's Peakers found themselves surrounded by nearly two hundred enraged Indians, who threatened to immolate the whole party if they did not point out and give up the murderer. To save their own lives they gave up Haynes to their vengeance. He was taken by the Indians to a distance, while his companions tarried

on their route to see what would be his fate.

After awhile the Indians returned, with their victim literally flayed alive. They had skinned him from head to foot. The wretched being was still alive when brought back to his companions. He lived in agony long enough to tell how he had been tortured, but was soon released by death from unspeakable sufferings.—St. Louis Dem.

PRESIDENT MAKING.

The next presidential campaign comes off in 1860. There is quite a stir among all the political editors and political aspirants. We expect to keep clear of the excitement, and be a mere honest looker-on and faithful chronicler of events as they occur.

Mr. Pennington, of the *Newbern Daily Progress*, is in New York, and in his letter of the 24th August, he gives a few surmises:

I find that the presidential contest for 1860 is beginning to excite considerable speculation. In Virginia I heard much said on the subject, and as I came this way I found it increasing all the time. There is a strong disposition in Maryland and Virginia to bring out Bots, and I have seen some well informed gentlemen who are of the opinion that the Black Republicans will ignore Seward and affiliate with the Americans, Know Nothings, &c., in support of Bots. It is certain that the New York Herald, for some cause (possibly a *monied* consideration) has ceased to defend and support the democracy, and that its influence in the approaching contest will be against that party. The contract has been sealed—its tone for the last few days proves the fact. Bennett suggests to the opposition in Virginia the propriety and necessity of holding a State Convention preparatory to a National Convention for the purpose of bringing together the conservative elements of all the parties for the foundation of a National Union party, and declares that with Gen. Sam. Houston at their head they can most surely triumph. That the contest will be between some such new party and the democratic party in 1860 I have but little doubt, and unless the democracy make a nomination at Charleston that can carry either Pennsylvania or New York, or both, its days are numbered. With these two States against them they have no shadow of a chance, and in making a nomination their greatest concern should be in this direction. Neither Wise nor Douglas can carry them or either of them, nor can either of them be elected. I am not prophesying, but mark my prediction! Breckinridge, I believe, would carry New York, and with the influence of Mr. Buchanan and the administration, which he would most likely get, he could carry Pennsylvania, and that would secure his election. Dickinson could carry New York and possibly Pennsylvania, but with New York and what other States the party, with him as their leader, could carry, he would be elected. So either Dickinson or Breckinridge is preferable to the leading aspirants, Wise and Douglas, neither of whom can be elected, provided, there is a fusion of all the opposition elements on Bots, Houston or any other Southern man. But enough of this speculation.

THE LONDON TIMES OFFICE.—Mr. Story, son of one of the proprietors of the *Rochester Democrat*, writes to that paper an account of his visit to the office of the *London Times*. We copy a portion of this narrative:

"One of the most interesting and novel departments of the establishment is that in which the stereotyping process is carried on. You know, perhaps, already, that every number of the *Times* is printed from stereotype plates, thus saving a great part of the wear and tear of the type. The stereotype plate is taken from the 'form' in three minutes, by a new process, invented by a Swiss and known only to him. A thin layer of soft and damp paper mache first receives the impression of the type, and after it has been hardened by the application of heat, the melted lead is poured on, which is to form the stereotype plate. The paper mache has the power of resisting the action of the melted lead, and comes out of the fiery trial uninjured, and almost unscorched. The plates are remelted every day after the issue of the day is printed from them, and the waste type metal from day to day is very slight. By this power of multiplying the number of forms from which the same side of the paper can be printed, the *Times* can use three or four presses at once, and thus print its 59,000 copies, on an emergency, in two hours time. The *Times* employs in its establishment some 350 persons.—It has eighteen reporters at the Houses of Parliament, and for these, as well as the majority of its compositors, the working hours are the night hours exclusively. It owns four cabs, which are employed solely in carrying reporters and reports at night to and fro between Printing House Square and the Palace at Westminster. The reporters relieve each other at the Houses every quarter hour, and thus, though the debate in the Commons last till four o'clock in the morning, the *Times* gives it in full by sunrise, though it covers two whole pages of the journal."

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Poet, Love, Is the Mightiest King.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Canst tell me, love, the mightiest King
Who rules in this world of ours;
Who plays with the hearts of mortals, love,
As the wind with the sleeping flowers;
Is he the mightiest of Kings, love,
Who reigns o'er a hundred isles;
Where millions fear his terrible frowns,
Or bask in the light of his smiles;
Is it he who is served by servants untold,
Yea, served upon bended knee;
No, no, my love, try again, try again,
There's a mightier king than he.

Is death the mightiest of Kings, love,
"Grim death" with his terrors pale;
Who strikes alike the master and slave,
And makes the universe quail;
Kings at his touch resign their crowns,
Priests must unmitred be;
But try again, yes, try again,
There's a mightier king than he:
Yea, love, there is still a mightier king,
Who dwells in this world of ours;
Who plays with the hearts of mortals, love,
As the wind with the sleeping flowers.

Is Cupid that mighty King, love,
Who spares neither king nor poor;
Who is found in the rich man's marble halls,
Who smiles in the huts of the poor;
Who rules the soldier amid the wars,
And the maiden young at her wheel;
Where wounds are so mortal and full of pain,
That our time cannot heal;
A shrewd guess, my love, but try again,
Let your fancies roam more free;
Love is indeed a mighty king,
But one there is mightier than he.

The Poet, my love, is that mighty King,
Yea, the poet, love, in his dreams;
For he frames the noble thoughts that rise
As he pores o'er bubbling streams;
The lord of the isles must bow to him,
And own a mightier King
And death itself to the poet's shrine,
Immortal tribute shall bring;
And love shall die in the hearts of men,
Yea, shall be coupled too with shame;
But the Poet shall live in the hearts of all,
And be clothed in the garlands of fame.

(From the North-Carolina Bulletin.)

Pomological Society.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Aug. 19, '59.

Messrs. Editors: The Southern Pomological Society met in this place yesterday, the President Dr. WILEY, of Chester, was absent, being unwell (a letter was read from him on the subject of hybridization of fruits.) Mr. R. A. Springs, of York District, S. C., presided over the meeting, and the proceedings of the last meeting were read by the Secretary.

The fruit on exhibition was small in quantity, but of good quality, and proving conclusively what can be done in that way, if our farmers will but try. Apples exhibited were some "Haas" (improperly known as Horse,) and a new seedling raised by Mr. Thomas H. Brem, of Charlotte—a chance seedling, in corner of fence. Pears on exhibition were Duchess d'Angouleme, shown by Drs. Andrews and Davidson; the Seckel and Sugar-top by Peter M. Brown, Esq.; Bartlett by Dr. Andrews. Dr. Davidson exhibited some fine specimens of Femish beauty. Dr. Asbury some new specimens of Pear, but none of first quality.

Peaches were in abundance, some Columbia by Dr. Andrews, and Dr. C. L. Hunter exhibited the Lemon cling, also a Peach called the Lincoln, a variety of what is known as the Kennedy or Candia. Messrs. Lee and Stewart showed their seedlings mentioned in the Bulletin last week. Mr. W. F. Phifer exhibited some specimens of the "Crawford Malacooton" which would have done credit anywhere, and also other varieties.

There were two varieties of Figs shown—the Marseilles White, by Col. Williams, and Golden Brunswick, by T. W. Dewey, a fat and fine flavored sort, new in these parts.

There was, however, a better exhibit of Grapes than other fruit—they were shown by Messrs. Osborne, Andrews, R. F. Davidson, W. A. Williams and Dr. Asbury. The following varieties, viz: "Lenoir," known unfortunately by various synonyms, as the American July, Butt, Lincoln, Sumter, Hart, Maclean, et alii; clearly demonstrating the importance of attending to a proper nomenclature. The finest of the Lenoir were shown by Mr. Osborne and Dr. Andrews. The latter gentlemen showed also the Black Prince and Hamburg. Col. Williams exhibited some seedlings of the Spanish Grape, imported largely to the United States as *Malaga*, he styles them the "Wedding Feast." He also had some "Golden Chaselas," Lenoir, and Laspeyre, called at the North Isabella. Dr. Asbury showed a new variety of our common Winter Grape, from the woods, of good size bunch and berry, still green, but showing some good properties as a wine grape.

I have thus, Messrs. Editors, given you a hurried description of this first exhibition of the Southern Pomological Society, which I think may be called a success, and it is to be hoped that it may be the means of stimulating our farmers and others to still greater exertions in the cultivation of fruit.

THE TIMES

GREENSBORO, N. C.

Positive Arrangement.

Subscribers receiving their papers with a cross mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

TERMS:

1 C. by one year.....	\$ 2.00
6 Copies " " " " " "	10.00
10 " " " " " " " "	15.00
50 " " " " " " " "	50.00

No paper sent unless the money accompanies the order, nor will the paper be sent longer than paid for.

Specimen copies sent gratis, on application.

Address, COLE & ALBRIGHT,
Greensboro, N. C.

The Horse Tamer.

Prof. John M. Lanier, the celebrated horse-tamer, is in our town this week, imparting useful information in reference to the breaking, taming and using of horses. By his kindness we have been permitted to witness the course of training on several horses; and though we may never own a horse, yet we would not part with our information for the price of tuition—\$10. He calls it "horse religion," and one hearing his lectures, would conclude there was a good deal of theology about him.

The information Prof. Lanier imparts is useful to every man, and especially so to farmers or persons having occasion to handle horses. There is no humbug in "horse taming;" it is an art, or if preferable, a profession.

DEATH OF REV. W. B. RHEM.—The Kingston Advocate of last week says that community was shocked the week before upon hearing of the sudden and violent death of Rev. William B. Rhem, of Texas, formerly of the vicinity of Kingston. He died about the 1st July, at the hands of a bloody assassin who entered his residence armed with a pistol and commenced denouncing him, and without waiting for reply fired upon him but without serious result, whereupon he fired a second time with fatal and deadly effect, in the presence of a large number of spectators. Dr. R.'s overseer attempted to interfere when he too received a shot but not a fatal one. By this sudden and unexpected death, a wife is left a widow, and seven children are left orphans, in a distant land, away from early associates, friends and kindred.

NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.—We have received the August number, Vol. 9, No. 1, of the above Magazine, and from the elegant style in which the present number is got up, we are convinced that the present editorial staff, seconded by their energetic publishers, will faithfully perform their promise to make the Magazine worthy of the Institution whose organ it is. The August number is embellished with a splendid engraving of the Rev. Joseph Caldwell, first President of the University of N. C.; and the first article is the beginning of a most interesting Auto-Biography of that learned and venerable man. The engraving was executed by that celebrated artist, John Sartain, of Phila. The mechanical execution of the number before us, reflects credit upon the enterprising publishers, Messrs. Neathery & Jones. Published at Chapel Hill, at \$2 per annum, or six copies for \$10. Address Editors University Magazine, Chapel Hill, N. C.

LECTURE BY DR. CARUTHERS.—On Friday night, the 16th of September, the Rev. Eli W. Caruthers, D.D., will lecture before the "Greene Monument Association" in the M. E. Church. Lecture to commence at 7 1/2 o'clock. The public are invited to attend.

By order of the Board,
WM. L. SCOTT, Sec'y.

DECLINED.—Rev. John E. Edwards, of Virginia, has declined the invitation of Bishop Pierce to take charge of Methodist interests in San Francisco. He had previously declined a call to St. Louis, at an exorbitant salary.

FROST EVERY MONTH THIS YEAR.—There was frost in Stafford co., Va., last week, so that there has been frost in every month of the year thus far.

W. R. Hunter, Esq.

We perceive that the Editor of the "Children's Department" of the Times has been lecturing, recently, in Tennessee. As his friends in this and other States no doubt feel an interest in his success in behalf of the good cause he advocates, we subjoin the following extracts respecting his labors and reception in that State.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.—Mr. W. R. Hunter, a lay member of the Presbyterian Church, and a native of South Carolina, has been engaged for a few days past, in lecturing in this city on the subject of Sunday schools, and on Temperance. He has operated, as a volunteer laborer, in this way, for two years and more, chiefly in the State of Georgia. He comes with proper credentials of his Christian character and standing, and with numerous testimonials from the places in which he has lectured, of his ability, prudence and usefulness. He displays in the cause of Sunday schools an enthusiasm well calculated to stir up the feelings in others and excite a deeper interest in the moral and religious instruction of the young. His addresses are characterized by sound doctrine, feeling, pathos, and a happy and effective style of delivery. He is a fluent, animated speaker. He employs striking illustrations, and anecdotes to interest his auditors, particularly children, but only to heighten and deepen the impressions for good which he aims to produce.—Presbyterian Witness.

MR. HUNTER.—For several days our community has been delighted and edified by a series of lectures which this gentleman has been delivering in our city to crowded houses upon the subject of Sabbath schools. We had the pleasure of hearing him ourselves, and we must do him the credit to say that we have never known a more efficient and thorough going man in the noble cause which he is espousing.

He is an admirable talker—talks to the point all the time, and calls things by their right names. At times he enraptures you with the power of his eloquence, and interests you all the while by his earnestness and his burning zeal. And oh! how kindly does he get at the hearts of the children. They will bless him years hence, and his name will long be in their memories.—Knoxville Register.

We have also the privilege of adding the following letters:

NEW MARKET, TENNESSEE, Aug. 1859.

The undersigned, feeling the great importance of having well regulated Sunday Schools throughout our land—the lasting benefits to be derived therefrom—and the need of the right training of the young mind in matters pertaining to the Bible, would respectfully and affectionately tender to Mr. W. R. Hunter their heartfelt thanks for the many instructive, interesting, and entertaining lectures he has delivered in our village.

J. C. Smith,
J. G. Pepper, M. D.
J. P. Galbraith,
Samuel Scott,
W. C. Foust,
H. Andrews,
A. Caldwell,
William Dick,
W. Brazleton,
Rev. William Minnis,
Mrs. Minnis.

W. Galbraith,
G. B. Caldwell,
D. M. Caldwell,
John T. Moffett,
Alexander Hays,
H. T. Dick,
W. C. Jamison,
H. P. Bailey,
W. P. Hoskins,
W. M. Blackburn,
A. Blackburn.

KNOXVILLE, TENN., Aug. 5th 1859
MR. W. R. HUNTER.

Dear Sir:—Appreciating, as we do, your labors of love, and feeling an abiding interest for your success, we tender you our grateful acknowledgements for the awakening and animating spirit of emulation, which, we trust, will be the tendency of your lectures among the youths of our land. We hope and pray that the spirit of Almighty Grace, in the name of our Saviour, will influence and direct all your efforts in this most noble work.

Yours truly,

D. A. Denderick,
John S. Moffit,
James C. Moses,
W. J. Baker,
John G. McClanahan,
Richard O. Carry, M.D.

Wm. Craig,
C. W. Craig, M.D.,
John L. Moses,
Samuel B. Boyd,
Samuel P. Atkin,
John H. Parker.

The Iowa School Journal is a very neat publication of sixteen double pages monthly. The Great North-West is moving nobly in the cause of education. The school house is the foundation stone of a prosperous state. To begin well is easy; to undo and begin over is not so easy. Then let these new states look well to their educational facilities, and to do this, encourage their educational Journals. Price \$1 a year.

THE ILLUSTRATED PILGRIM ALMANAC FOR 1860.—This is a beautiful illustrated publication of 48 pages, gotten up in aid of the National Monument to the Forefathers, at Plymouth, Mass. The Almanac contains much useful and entertaining reading, with finely executed illustrations, and the usual Almanac matter—price 25 cents. Address the Publishers, Boston, Mass.

DAN RICE TURNED COLPORTER.—The Albany Journal states that Dan Rice recently promised a clergyman that he would distribute religious tracts during his professional tour with his circus company through the New England States; and also that he is faithfully fulfilling his promise.

RESIGNATION OF W. M. NEWELL.—This gentleman, the well known Superintendent of the Mississippi and Tennessee Railroad, has sent in his resignation, to take effect on the first of October.

Distressing Death.

The death of William A. Perrin, at Stripling springs, Va., from the bite of a rattlesnake, has been noticed, the Rockingham Register says:

"He devoted much of his time to the singular and hazardous business of rattlesnake catching and 'taming,' if such a thing as taming such venomous serpents could be effected. On Saturday last some friend or acquaintance of his sent him a rattlesnake from Monterey, which he proceeded to handle and to deal with, as he had with others before, with impunity; but in putting it into a box he enraged it some how or other, when it stuck its fangs into one of his hands, and before he could secure and get rid of it, it renewed the attack and sunk its teeth twice more into his hand and wrist. Intelligent physicians were upon the spot when he was bitten, and resorted to the means usually employed in such cases; but they all proved inefficient, and poor Perrin died in great agony next day, about one o'clock, having lingered in excessive pain until death relieved him of his sufferings. He presented a shocking spectacle before and after death. The arm to which the bitten hand was attached turned black, and his other arm assumed a yellowish, dark spotted color. One of the remedies applied—ordinarily the surest and most efficient in such cases—was French brandy; but this remedy had no effect whatever upon Perrin, as he had been in the habit of using stimulants to excess. The poison, from the inflamed condition of his system, passed through Perrin's veins like fire through dry stubble."

THE BITE OF A RATTLESNAKE.—An unusually large number of persons in different sections of the country have been bit by rattlesnakes this season. The following is the latest case, and the mode of treatment:

A son of Casius M. Clay, of Kentucky, while gunning recently, was bitten on the foot by some poisonous reptile, supposed to be a rattlesnake, and his body immediately exhibited all the symptoms of the most virulent poisoning; but he was dosed until stupefied with apple brandy, and the next morning was as well as ever. So confident was Mr. Clay of the efficacy of alcoholic spirits in all cases of poison by the bites of snakes and insects, that he did not even send for a physician. Saleratus was bound upon the bitten spot, until ammonia could be produced, when the former was moistened with it. This was upon the theory that poison is an acid, and any alkali will answer, though ammonia is thought to be the best.

High Point Female Normal School.

CARD.—I take this occasion to announce that the exercises of this Institution will not be interrupted by the death of my brother-in-law, Rev. Wm. I. Langdon. On the contrary, arrangements have been made to place the School on a permanent foundation. These arrangements will be made known in due time. S. LANDER.

MARRIED.

August 23d by Rev. N. H. D. Wilson, BARTLETT YANCY EDWARDS and CAROLINE A. LINLEY, all of Guilford County.

DIED.

In this county, on the 20th August, of typhoid fever, SARAH HIATT, widow of the late Christopher Hiatt, aged about 74 years. In this county, on the 20th August, WILLIAM C. HIATT, in the 14th year of his age, and on the 21st, LETITIA JANE HIATT, in the 16th year of her age. They were the children of Nathan and Mary Hiatt, and fell victims to the typhoid fever. The parents have the sincere sympathy of a large circle of friends in this double bereavement.

At his residence, in this place, on Tuesday evening 23d August, THOMAS CALDWELL, in the 83d year of his age.

The deceased always commanded the respect of his contemporaries for the honesty, probity and independence of his character; and secured their affection for the generosity and kindness of his heart. He held the office of Superior Court Clerk some forty years of his life; and fulfilled his public, as well as his private duties without reproach.

In this county, on Monday morning, the 22nd August, JOSEPH KIRKPATRICK, an aged and respectable citizen.

The deceased was buried with Masonic Honors by the members of Greensboro Lodge, No. 76, A. Y. M., at Buffalo Church, on the morning of the 23rd.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

At a called meeting of Greensboro Lodge No. 76 held on the evening of the 23rd instant, the committee appointed at a previous meeting made the following report, which was unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Grand Master of the Universe, in his allwise providence, to remove our lamented and worthy Brother, JOSEPH KIRKPATRICK, from labor here to eternal rest in the glorious Lodge above.

Resolved.—That bowing in humble submission to this manifestation of the Divine will, we extend to the afflicted family and friends of our deceased Brother, our heartfelt sympathy.

Resolved.—That the Lodge wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved.—That a copy of these Resolutions be forwarded to the family, and a copy be furnished to the Patriot and Times, with a request to publish.

R. P. DICK,
M. S. SHERWOOD,
WM. A. DUNN,
J. B. BALSLEY,
B. L. COLE,

COMMERCIAL.

GREENSBORO MARKET, Aug. 31.
Reported expressly for the Times
By Cole & Amis.
Bacon 12@15; Beef 4@5; Beeswax 25;
Butter 15 @; Coffee 14a15; Candles, Tallow 20
@25; Adamantine 28@30; Spermin 40@45;
Corn 0@1.00 Meal 0@1.00; Chickens 10
@15; Eggs 6a8; Feathers 40; Flour
5.00@6.00 Flaxseed 0.80; Hides, green 5,
dried 10; Hay 50@60; Lard 12@15; Molasses
35@40; Nails 6@7; Oats 35; Peas,
yellow 75@80, white 75@1.00; Pork 8.00@
8.50; Rags 2@; Rice 8@9; Salt 2.25@
2.50; Sugar, Brown 10@12; loaf 15, crushed
15, clarified 15; Tallow 12@15; Wheat
80@1.00; Wool 25@30.

NORFOLK MARKET, Aug. 27th.
Reported expressly for the Times.
By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchant.
Flour, Fam. \$7.00a8.00; Flaxseed, 1.25
Extra, 6.00a6.50; Beeswax, 32
Superfine, 5.75; Dried Apples, 7@ bu.
Corn, Mixed W. 74a75; 28lbs., 1.25
Yellow, 75; " Peaches, 40@45; 7
Wheat, White 100a120; Bacon, 9.00a9.50
Red, 100a120; do. Sides 10a10 1/2
Cotton, 11a12 1/2; do. C. & Va. Hog
Peas, Black Eye 1.25; round, 104
Red & Black 70a75; Lard, N. C. & V. no. 1 12 1/2
do do 2. 12; do W. O. pipe 50
do do 3. 12; do do 40
Flax, Mackerel 1.12.50; do lhd 40
do No 2. 11.00; do bbl. 28
do 3. 10.00

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 26.—Sales of 480
bales of old Cotton and 900 bales new. Sales
at 12 cents. Sales of the week 5,500 bales at
10 1/2 cents for middling.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 27.—Flour closed firm
and unchanged—Howard street and Ohio, \$5-
12 1/2. Wheat closed active, sales of 12,000 bushels—
white 120 a 140c; red 110 a 135c.—Corn
closed firm—yellow, 84 a 85c. Provisions closed
firm—bacon sides, 9 1/2 a 9 3/4; mess pork \$14.
50 a 15; prime, \$12.50 a \$12. Lard closed
quiet at 14 1/2c. for Ohio and city; the
quaint is caused by scarcity in the market.

NEW YORK, Aug. 27.—Flour is higher.—
State \$4.40 a \$4.70; Ohio \$5.25 a \$5.70;
Southern \$5.25 a \$5.50; Wheat is firm.—Southern
white 133 a 142 c; do. red 177 a 126 1/2c.
Corn is dull—yellow 84 1/2c, mixed 82 1/2c.
Provisions are quiet. Pork is firm—Mess \$14.37;
Prime \$10.25; Lard is quiet at 10 1/2 a 11c.

RICHMOND MARKET.—Aug. 27th 1859.
Reported weekly for The Times, by Dickenson
& Cole, Forwarding and Commission Merchants.

Bacon, Shoulders, 8a8 1/2; Corn, in demand 1a1 1/2
Sides, 10a10 1/2; Cotton, 12a13
Hams, 12a12 1/2; Cotton Yarns, 23a25
Coffee, Rio, 10a11 1/2; Flour, 7a8
Java, 15; Guano, Peruvian,
Mocha, 18; an, 58a60
Molasses, Cuba, 28a30; Elide, 45
Syrup, 30a33; Tobacco, Lugs, 3a3 1/2
N. O., 40a45; Good, 6a7 1/2
Wheat, White, 175a185; Leaf, 7a9
Red, 150a160; Good and fine, 9a15

New Advertisements.

Rates of Advertising.
The Times is one of the best mediums for advertising in the South, but only a few select advertisements will be inserted. One square of ten lines (or 100 words) for one week \$1.00; for each additional week fifty cents. In favor of standing advertisements we make the following liberal deductions:

	3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	1 YEAR.
One square, \$ 5.00	\$ 7.00	\$12.00	
Two squares, 9.00	14.00	22.00	
Three " 12.00	18.00	30.00	
Half column 20.00	30.00	50.00	
One column 40.00	60.00	80.00	

Professional and business Cards, not exceeding five lines—per annum, \$5.00

CURIOUS BY THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.
—From Gen. A. C. Dodge, Delegate in Congress from Iowa, now Minister to Spain.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 18, 1850.
DR. GEO. B. GREEN, Dear Sir: The Oxygenated Bitters with which you were so kind as to furnish me, have had a most salutary effect in my case. I was troubled with Dyspepsia for four years, during which time I tried many remedies, but never met with any so good as your Bitters. I am now in the enjoyment of good health, and I hope, and believe, that all who use the Oxygenated Bitters, will find them as serviceable as I have found them.

With high respect your Obedt Servt.
A. C. DODGE.

We commend the above Certificate to all those who suffer from Dyspepsia, in any of its forms. Try the Oxygenated Bitters, before you say there is no cure for this disease.

SETH FOWLE & Co., Boston, Proprietors.
Sold by their agents every where

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.
—I desire to sell my House and Lot, situated in a desirable place in Greensboro. Terms reasonable. Enquire immediately of Aug. 20—tf GEORGE M. ADAMS.

FEMALE NORMAL SCHOOL.
High Point, N. C. Railroad, 15 miles West of Greensboro.

Rev. N. McR. BAY, Principal, with efficient assistants.

The next Session of this Institution will begin the 1st Monday in August. Its patronage and prospects are such as to render it probable that we shall not be able to accommodate all applicants with board in the Institution.—Those who desire therefore to board in the Institution would do well to apply soon. Arrangements have been made to accommodate a number in private families. The undersigned and his family dwell in the Institution instruction is given in all the branches taught in the best Female Institutions. We have apparatus, new Pianos &c. The expenses are less than at any other Institution of the same character in the State. Board alone and the English Branches \$40 to \$55 per session. Latin and Greek each \$7.50. French \$5. Ornaments very low. Board and half the tuition required in advance.

30 Young Ladies will be received and credited for tuition until they can teach and pay for it.

Wanted Situations for Southern Female Teachers. For full information address, REV. W. I. LANGDON, Proprietor, June 27th 1859.

GREENLEAF FEMALE INSTITUTE, ON
Brooklyn Heights, 106 Pierrepont St.
Corner of Clinton.
ALFRED GREENLEAF, A. M., Principal.
EDWARD E. BRADBURY, A. M., Principals.
This first class Institution will reopen Sept. 12th with rare facilities for the thorough and accomplished education of young ladies.
For circulars, etc., apply personally or by letter as above.
Brooklyn, New York. (See 2—5mp)

GREENSBORO FEMALE COLLEGE—GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA—FACULTY

Rev. T. M. Jones, A. M., President, and Professor of Natural Sciences and Belles-Lettres.
S. Lander, A. M., Treasurer, and Professor of Latin and Mathematics.
Theo. F. Wolfe, Professor of Music.
W. C. A. Frerichs, Professor of Drawing, Painting, and French.
Mrs. Lucy Jones.
Miss Bettie Carter } Assistants in Literary Department
Miss E. E. Morris,
Miss A. M. Hagen,
Miss L. C. Van Fleet,
Miss M. A. Howlett,
Miss Pattie Cole, } Assistants in Music.
Rev. J. Bethel,
Mrs. J. Bethel,
Miss M. Jeffreys, } Boarding Department

Terms per Session of Twenty-one Weeks
Board, including furnished room, servants' attendance, washing, fuel, &c., (lights extra) \$50; Tuition, \$20; Incidental Tax, \$1; French, \$10; Latin or Greek, \$5; Oil Painting, \$20; other styles in proportion; Music on Piano, \$22.50; Music on Guitar, \$21; Graduation Fee \$5. The regular fees are to be paid one half in advance.

The Collegiate year begins on the last Thursday in July, and ends on the second Thursday in June.

The winter uniform is Mazarine blue merino, and straw bonnets trimmed with blue; summer, plain white jaconet. The uniform is worn only in public. Pupils are not allowed to make accounts in the stores, or elsewhere, under any circumstances whatever.

For further information apply to the President. (11—ly)

AN AGENCY FOR THE SALE OF



WM. KNABE & Co's CELEBRATED PIANOS.
Established in Wilmington, N. C.

HAVING SECURED THE AGENCY

FOR the sale of the above unrivalled instruments, we invite the attention of all who may want a FIRST CLASS PIANO (and no other is worth buying) to the fact, and respectfully solicit the most intelligent and critical examination of the instruments now on exhibition. These Pianos have secured more Premiums than any other manufacture. They are fully endorsed by such names in the musical world as Thalberg, Strakoske, Satter, Viartemps, beside the most distinguished Professors and Amateurs in the country.

There are hundreds of families in North Carolina where these Pianos are used. We name a few out of Wilmington: Hon. L. O. Branch, S. W. Cole, Esq., Gen. G. M. Leach, Carolina Female College, Salem Academy, Rev. R. Burwell, Hillsboro, Rev. T. Campbell, Salisbury, Professor Woolle of Greensboro Female College &c.

In Wilmington we refer to the following gentlemen who have Knabe's Pianos in use: Geo. Myers, Esq., F. D. Poisson, Esq., Griffith J. McRee, Esq., and others. We deliver these Pianos in Wilmington at the published rates of the Manufacturers. Every instrument has the full iron frame, and is fully warranted.

One thing we wish distinctly understood. They have never failed to secure the HIGHEST PREMIUMS, whenever brought in competition with others.

Pianos now in store, just received, and can be delivered immediately, by GEO. H. KELLEY.
(ly. 30-ly) Agent for Wm. Knabe & Co.

FAIR NOTICE.

—Those indebted to the late firm of E. W. Ogburn, & Co., by Note or Account must settle up by the first of September, or their accounts will be placed in the hands of an Officer for collection.

J. W. DOAK, Sure. Partner.
Aug. 8th 1859. 32-tf

Professional Cards.

GEO. W. COTIRAN,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR,
at Law, Lockport, Niagara County, N. Y. 105-tf

CALEB G. DUNN,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR
at Law, 80 Nassau St. New York.
Will promptly and faithfully attend to business entrusted to his care. Particular attention paid to the collections of claims.

J. W. HOWLETT, D.D.S. | J. F. HOWLETT.
J. W. HOWLETT & SON,
DENTISTS, Greensboro, N. C. 1-ly.

J. W. EVANS'
NEWSPAPER, MAGAZINE
and Cheap Book-Store, 10 Pearl Street,
Richmond, Va.
Subscriptions received for the Times.

GEORGE T. WHITE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CITY OF JEFFERSON, MISSOURI.

Will attend the different COURTS held at the Capital, and in the adjoining counties. Also, to the collection of debts, and persons who wish to have investments made in the West, may be assured, that his long acquaintance here, would enable him to make selections greatly to their advantage.

JACOB T. BROWN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HIGH POINT, N. C.

Will attend to any business entrusted to his care. 111-ly

THOMAS PAINE.—In a recent article in the *National Recorder*, (Washington), the following cut is found against Thomas Paine and his doctrine. It is too good to be lost:

"A gentleman of New York found Thomas Paine one evening haranguing a company of his disciples, on the great mischief to mankind by the introduction of the Bible and Christianity. When he paused, the gentleman addressed him thus: 'Mr. Paine, you have been in Scotland; you know there is not a more rigid set of men in the world, than they are in their attachment to the Bible; it is their school book, and their churches are full of Bibles. When a young man is leaving his father's house, his mother always, in packing his chest, puts a Bible on the top of his clothes.' Mr. Paine assented, and the gentleman continued; 'You have been in Spain where the people are destitute of the Bible, and where you can hire a man for a dollar to murder his neighbor who never gave him any offence.' Mr. Paine assented and the gentleman continued again. 'You have seen the manufacturing districts in England, where not one man in fifty can read, and you have been in Ireland, where the majority never saw the Bible. Now, you know it is a historical fact, that in one county in England or Ireland there are many more capital convictions in six months, than there are in the whole population of Scotland. Besides, this day there is not one Scotchman in the Alms House, State Prison, Bridewell, or Penitentiary of New York. Now then, if the Bible were so bad a book as you represent it to be, those who use it would be the worst members of society; but the contrary is the fact; for our prisons, Alms Houses, and Penitentiaries are filled with men and women, whose ignorance or unbelief prevented them from reading the Bible.' It was ten o'clock at night, Paine answered not a word but taking a candle from the table, silently retired to his chamber.

A TOUGH DARKEY.—A Cleveland, on Monday, while a number of workmen were hoisting a barrel of linseed oil to place on board a vessel, something in the tackle gave way, letting the barrel fall fair and square on the head of a darkey, who was in the hold. All supposed he was killed, but he escaped with a few slight cuts and a scare. His head proved too hard for the vessel, knocking both ends out, and so completely enveloping him that it had to be knocked to pieces to release him. While the wounds on his cranium were being dressed, he remarked, "Gor a mighty guess dis 'ere darkey don't want any more ole on his her." So little was he damaged by the blow, that the fellow went to work again the same day.

EDUCATION NORTH AND SOUTH.—The Boston Post has published a series on "Colleges and Schools at the South," which concludes as follows:

"In reviewing the subject of education in Southern States, we arrive at this general result, that the scattered condition of the people is unfavorable to the very general prevalence of the common school system, such as prevails in New England. Private schools are more general in the South than in any other portion of the world; and as to the higher seminaries of learning, if she is not now an equal of the North, she soon will be. And, then, the education she acquires from social intercourse may outweigh all the real instruction imparted through the lyceum system. At the present time, the South is more active in improving her educational system than the North. At her commercial conventions the subject has been freely discussed, and the general view has been taken that her sons and daughters should be educated at home, and not at the North. The Southerners not only propose to furnish themselves with education, but with school-books. These last have formerly been, very generally, procured from the North. The South has been accustomed to pay the North for school books and education \$5,000,000 annually. But she is now endeavoring to manufacture both school books and education for her own children.

SINGULAR POSITION OF A DOG.—A large Newfoundland dog, by some means, drifted on a rock, just below the Niagara Falls, and which cannot be descended without assistance except on the side next the rushing waters. He has been there for two years and cannot escape without assistance. A daring attempt was once made to save him, but was rendered fruitless by his ferocity. His midnight howls are often heard. He is a kind of Robinson Crusoe among dogs, and, it is supposed, picks up his precarious living from the fish and small animals on his "beat," which is only a half mile in length. So says an exchange paper.

In the formation of a single locomotive engine there are over 5000 pieces to be put together, and these require to be as accurately adjusted as the works of a watch. Every watch consists of at least 202 pieces, employing probably over 200 persons, distributed among 40 trades—to say nothing of the tool makers for all these.

To succeed, you must keep moving; to grow rich, you must keep saving.

50.00 SEWING MACHINES.

THE QUAKER CITY SEWING MACHINE Works with two threads, making a double lock stitch, which will not rip or unravel, even if every fourth stitch be cut. It sews equally as well, the coarsest Linsey, or the finest Muslin, and is undeniably the best machine in market. Merchant Tailors, Mantua Makers and House Keepers, are invited to call and examine for themselves.

Mr. P. A. Wilson, Merchant Tailor, Winston, N. C., having tried other machines, buys one of the Quaker City, and pronounces it far better than any before in use.

All persons wishing to secure the agency for the sale of the Quaker City machine, in any of the towns of North Carolina, except in the county of Wake which is secured to Messrs. Tackler & Co. of Raleigh, and the county of Forsythe, taken by P. A. Wilson, of Winston, should apply soon to the undersigned, agents for the State. We will pay a reasonable percent. to all persons taking agencies.

J. & F. GARRETT, Agents.
Greensboro, N. C., Feb. 2nd, 1859.

PATRICK SPRINGS,

Patrick County, Va.

This justly celebrated Watering Place passed into the hands of the present owner last year. Upon the 20th March, 1859, I commenced active operations upon the premises in the way of finishing houses and adding others, and newly furnishing the whole, for the comfortable accommodation of visitors. As I now have a large force at work and much of my furniture at hand, I can say with certainty that the Springs will be opened on the 15th JULY, '59; and while, for want of time, I cannot make that improvement I would like or that the place demands, I think what I have done will satisfy any reasonable people that a great work is progressing in the right direction towards the successful improvement of that property, designed by Providence to be of great service to the world. The Ladies will find their rooms with neat and comfortable beds, and one of the finest toned Pianos in the newly furnished Parlor for their recreation. Gentlemen will likewise find that I have cared well for them, and all I ask is a visit and a little for entrance, promising my best efforts to render all agreeable and comfortable who may favor me with a call. I might say much in behalf of the curative qualities of the water, but I only deem it necessary to say the water speaks for itself in tones far superior to my words; therefore enquire of those who have visited, and let it stand upon its own merits alone. I am now at work trying to add accommodations to an unimpeachable reputation. This property is situated between Bull and No-Business Mountains, in the county of Patrick, State of Virginia, and will be in a condition for the comfortable accommodation of upwards of one hundred visitors by the 15th of July.

BEVERLY A. DAVIS,
late of Pittsylvania Co., Va., Proprietor.

The undersigned has rented of the proprietor of the Patrick Springs, the BAR, BOWLING SALOON, LIVERY STABLES, &c., and from his experience in conducting a similar business, having been for some time proprietor of Simmons' Hotel at Pittsylvania Court-House, flatters himself that he can please the public.

June 15, '59—Jy 15—3m. JNO. W. DYER.

BOOTS AND SHOES!

HAVING LEASED THE STORE formerly occupied by Messrs. Gilmer & Hendrix, opposite the "Brittain House," I am now recruiting and opening the largest Stock of Boots and Shoes ever offered in this section of country.

My stock consists of Ladies Gents, Misses, Boys, Youths and Childrens Boots, Shoes and Gaiters, of every variety, style and price—to an examination of which I invite the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country. I buy all my goods from the Manufacturers—get nothing second-hand—and those, therefore, who buy of me do not have to pay a second profit, as is the case with those who buy of the New York and Philadelphia Jobbers.—Besides I intend doing an EXCLUSIVELY CASH business, which will enable me to sell lower than any one who does a credit business.

Be sure and call at the Boot and Shoe store.

J. B. F. BOONE,
(61) C. M. RAY, Agent.

WHY DO YE SUFFER WITH

CANCERS, ASTHMA, SCROFULA, or any SKIN DISEASE, when it is in your power to be speedily and effectually cured? Having treated many very bad cases—some which were given up as hopeless, by those not knowing my remedies—I have no hesitancy in saying I can cure any one of the above diseases in a very short time. Seeing is believing, and if any one is credulous, I can produce a number of certificates from some of the first men in this and the adjoining States.

Address, WM. F. EDWARDS,
Greensboro, N. C.

And calls will be made or Medicine sent by mail, at your option.

He is also in possession of a plain and simple art, by which the worst cases of STUTTERING and STAMMERING can be cured in a very short time.

The afflicted would do well to write him, and describe their case.

Good Times Come at Last.

THE BEST, CHEAPEST AND MOST ELEGANT STOCK OF READY MADE SPRING and SUMMER CLOTHING

has been received by the undersigned. Our stock consists of Coats, Pants, Vests &c., made in the latest style and in a superior manner to any that has ever been shown in this country. Also Hats, Boots, Shoes, Shirts, Collars, Drawers, Watches, Jewelry, Pistols, Portmanteaux, Knives, Umbrellas and Carpet Bags, in fact everything that is necessary in a Gents' large furnishing store.

These goods were bought and will be sold at prices defying competition.

Come and give us a call and you will not leave dissatisfied.

S. ARCHER & CO.,
Spring, 1859.

Those indebted to S. Archer, or S. Archer & Co., are hereby earnestly requested to make payment.

20,000 PRINTING CARDS.

With a variety of other Materials just received at the Times Office. All kinds of JOB WORK executed in the neatest style of the Art at the cheapest prices.

Blank Warrants—For sale at this Office

SANCHEZ SPECIFIC.

THAT GREAT REMEDY,
THAT GREAT REMEDY,
THAT GREAT REMEDY,
THAT GREAT REMEDY,
THAT GREAT REMEDY,

SANCHEZ SPECIFIC,
SANCHEZ SPECIFIC,
SANCHEZ SPECIFIC,
SANCHEZ SPECIFIC,
SANCHEZ SPECIFIC,

THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE
THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE
THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE
THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE
THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE

BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
BEFORE THE PEOPLE,

FOR SPECIAL DISEASES.
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES.
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES.
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES.
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES.

SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,
SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,
SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,
SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,
SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,

IS EASILY TAKEN,
IS EASILY TAKEN,
IS EASILY TAKEN,
IS EASILY TAKEN,
IS EASILY TAKEN,

HAS NO BAD TASTE,
HAS NO BAD TASTE,
HAS NO BAD TASTE,
HAS NO BAD TASTE,
HAS NO BAD TASTE,

WILL EFFECT A CURE
WILL EFFECT A CURE
WILL EFFECT A CURE
WILL EFFECT A CURE
WILL EFFECT A CURE

WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME
WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME
WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME
WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME
WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME

OR CHANGE OF DIET,
OR CHANGE OF DIET,
OR CHANGE OF DIET,
OR CHANGE OF DIET,
OR CHANGE OF DIET,

WITH LESS TROUBLE,
WITH LESS TROUBLE,
WITH LESS TROUBLE,
WITH LESS TROUBLE,
WITH LESS TROUBLE,

MORE SPEEDILY,
MORE SPEEDILY,
MORE SPEEDILY,
MORE SPEEDILY,
MORE SPEEDILY,

AND PERMANENTLY,
AND PERMANENTLY,
AND PERMANENTLY,
AND PERMANENTLY,
AND PERMANENTLY,

THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY,
THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY,
THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY,
THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY,
THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY,

TEST ONE PACKAGE,
TEST ONE PACKAGE,
TEST ONE PACKAGE,
TEST ONE PACKAGE,
TEST ONE PACKAGE.

Every Druggist and Country Merchant should keep a supply of this valuable Remedy, not only from the profits that accrue from its sales, but as an act of philanthropy towards suffering humanity. It will be made to the especial and pecuniary interest of all Druggists to purchase by W. W. BLISS & CO., Proprietors, 363 Broadway, New York.

For Sale in Greensboro by

PORTER & GORRE

10,000 Negroes

10,000 Negroes

10,000 Negroes

Saved Yearly.

Saved Yearly.

Saved Yearly.

Planters Take Notice,

Planters Take Notice,

Planters Take Notice,

Jacob's Cordial

Jacob's Cordial

Jacob's Cordial

Is The Only Sure

Is The Only Sure

Is The Only Sure

And Positive Remedy

And Positive Remedy

And Positive Remedy

Before The People

Before The People

Before The People

In Dysentery,

In Dysentery,

In Dysentery,

Diarrhoea,

Diarrhoea,

Diarrhoea,

And Flux.

And Flux.

And Flux.

It Never Fails.

It Never Fails.

It Never Fails.

W. W. BLISS & CO., Proprietors,
363 Broadway, New York.

For Sale in Greensboro by

PORTER & GORRE.

Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy

Has the Largest Sale
Has the Largest Sale
Has the Largest Sale
Has the Largest Sale
Has the Largest Sale
Has the Largest Sale
Has the Largest Sale
Has the Largest Sale
Has the Largest Sale
Has the Largest Sale

Of any Medicine in the World.
Of any Medicine in the World.
Of any Medicine in the World.
Of any Medicine in the World.
Of any Medicine in the World.
Of any Medicine in the World.
Of any Medicine in the World.
Of any Medicine in the World.
Of any Medicine in the World.
Of any Medicine in the World.

100,000 Packages
100,000 Packages
100,000 Packages
100,000 Packages
100,000 Packages
100,000 Packages
100,000 Packages
100,000 Packages
100,000 Packages
100,000 Packages

Sold in Georgia and South Carolina
Sold in Georgia and South Carolina
Sold in Georgia and South Carolina
Sold in Georgia and South Carolina
Sold in Georgia and South Carolina
Sold in Georgia and South Carolina
Sold in Georgia and South Carolina
Sold in Georgia and South Carolina
Sold in Georgia and South Carolina
Sold in Georgia and South Carolina

In Fourteen Months.
In Fourteen Months.
In Fourteen Months.
In Fourteen Months.
In Fourteen Months.
In Fourteen Months.
In Fourteen Months.
In Fourteen Months.
In Fourteen Months.
In Fourteen Months.

It is Warranted to Cure
It is Warranted to Cure
It is Warranted to Cure
It is Warranted to Cure
It is Warranted to Cure
It is Warranted to Cure
It is Warranted to Cure
It is Warranted to Cure
It is Warranted to Cure
It is Warranted to Cure

Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia

Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia

Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia

Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia

Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia

Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia

Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia

Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia

Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia

Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia

Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia

Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia

Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia

Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia

Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia

Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia

Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia

Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia

Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia

Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia

Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia

Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia

Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia

Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia

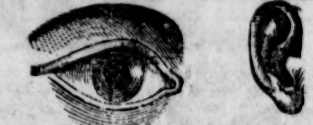
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia

Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia

Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia

Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Any Case of Dyspepsia

DR. BAAKEE



TREATS ALL DISEASES.

DR. BAAKEE will give special attention to the following diseases:—Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Croup, Influenza, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all other diseases of the Nose, Mouth, Throat and Lungs. Attention given to the treatment of all skin diseases—Lumbago, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Epilepsy, Dispepsia, Piles and all derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels; and also, all Chronic diseases pertaining to women and children. Dr. Baakee can produce one thousand certificates of his perfect success in curing, Cancer, Old Sores or Ulcers, Fistula, Swellings, Scald Head, Wens or Tumors of every description, and without the use of the knife. These last named diseases cannot be treated by Correspondence, therefore, the patients must place themselves under the doctor's personal supervision.

DR. BAAKEE has made a new discovery of a Fluid that will produce perfect absorption of the cataract, and restore perfect vision to the Eye, without the use of the knife or needle; and he cures all diseases of the EYES AND EARS, without the use of the Knife; and he has constantly on hand an excellent assortment of beautiful ARTIFICIAL EYES, and TYMPANUMS or (ear drums), suitable for either sex and all ages—inserted in five minutes.

DOCTOR BAAKEE is one of the most celebrated and skillful Physician and Surgeon now living; his fame is known personally in every principal city of the World. All letters containing ten cents directed to DOCTOR BAAKEE asking any questions pertaining to any disease shall be promptly answered, and all Chronic diseases can be treated by Correspondence except those mentioned that will require his personal supervision.

Office Hours, from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.

DR. BAAKEE.

Office, No. 74 Lexington street, between Charles and Liberty streets, Baltimore, Md.

1-ly.

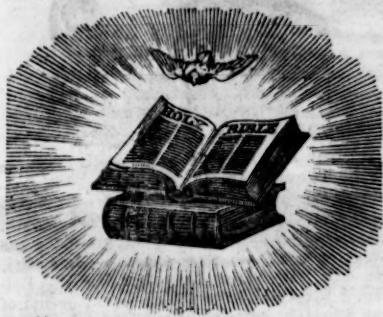
HOWARD ASSOCIATION,

PHILADELPHIA.

A Benevolent Institution established by special Endowment, for the Relief of the Sick and Distressed, afflicted with Virulent and Epidemic Diseases.

In times of Epidemics, it is the object of this Institution to establish Hospitals, to provide Nurses, Physicians, Clothing, Food, Medicines, &c., for the sick and destitute, to take charge of the orphans of deceased parents, and to minister, in

Children's Department.



EDITED BY W. R. HUNTER,
"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

The Little Girl That Prayed.

Don't be discouraged; there is great power in prayer. It is God's means; the only means wherein he communicates with men.

Little Helen had a drunken father. Step by step he had gone down the fearful declivity of intemperance, till he had become a poor forsaken inebriate. Forsaken, yes, he was forsaken by all the good and virtuous. He seemed forsaken by nearly every quality of manhood. He was not fit for any decent society. He was once a man of character and respect. His friends once loved him, but now they had given him up as lost. The companion of his bosom could no longer bear up under the ponderous weight of shame and scorn, which the cold world heaped upon her, and had sunk to an untimely grave. Nothing seemed to awaken him. He gazed upon the new made grave of his wife unmoved; the bottle, that wretched deceiver, could palliate all his sorrows. He was a splendid wreck: "A mind in ruins and a man in rags." Yet there was one humble friend that had not forsaken him. Yes, that miserable wretch had one friend, true and abiding. Happy is it for us, unfortunate mortals, that in our direct necessities, in our most abject poverty, there is some tender spirit on earth or in heaven that careth for us. His little girl, only twelve years old, was his ministering angel. Her spirit had clung to his through all his course of misfortune. Her heart was pure as childhood's stainless innocence, and her love was devoted, filial affection.

Amid all her trials and sorrows, little Helen prayed. And O, how pure, how sweet, are the prayers of children! Who doubts that they come up like sweet incense before the throne? Helen remembered the timely lessons of her mother. And who knows but her sainted spirit, upon its seraph wings, still lingered round that miserable habitation?

One day, the wretched father, still lying upon his bed of debauch, called Helen to his side and ordered her to take his bottle and go and get him a quart of whiskey. "Don't, my dear father," said the little girl, "don't send me after whiskey again." "Go," said the drunken man, "go and get me a quart of whiskey." Helen went from his presence saying, "Well, father, I can pray." She went into an adjoining room, and upon her knees poured out her soul to God. The father overheard her, his hard heart was touched. The thick incrustations began to give way, his soul moved with strange emotions, he began to awake. Helen prayed.

He was a man again. Once more he scorned his chains, and began to dream of peace and happiness. "Come back, my girl, you shall never buy any more whiskey for me." God was in that prayer. The stout hearted man, who had braved the strong appeals of love and tenderness, could not withstand the power of the little girl's prayer.

Since that hour, Mr. H—has been a reformed man. He is now a useful and talented minister of the Gospel, and never will be led to undervalue the power of prayer.—*Morning Star.*

"I Said I would Try."

"Children," said a superintendent of a Sunday school one day just before school was dismissed, "I want you each to try if you cannot bring one new scholar with you next Sunday. It would be but a small thing for each one to do, and yet it would double our school. Will you try?" There was a general "Yes, sir," though I am afraid that all did not remember the promise they had made.

"I said I would try," thought little Mary Gordon, as she walked slowly home. "I said I would try, but all the children I know go to Sunday-school already, except Tom; but I could not ask him, he's such a big boy, and so bad; and, besides, I'm afraid of him. No, I couldn't ask Tom."

This Tom of whom Mary stood so much in awe was the terror of all the little boys and girls in the neighborhood. If any body's kite was torn, or his sled broken, or any little girl's kitten hurt or drowned, Tom was sure to be concerned in the mischief. As to his attending Sunday-school or church, such a thing had never been known. He had even been heard to say, with a threatening look, that he'd like to see any one try to get him inside of such places. No wonder little Mary was afraid.

"I said I would try," she thought again to herself; "that was making a promise;

and if I don't try, I shall break it, and that would be very wrong. Besides, he might come, and then he would learn how to be good, and how to go to heaven, and I don't believe he knows anything about it now. Oh yes, I'll ask him to come."

It was not long before she had an opportunity. The next day, as she was returning from school, she saw Tom at a little distance, walking slowly along. He did not see her till she was just up to him, and as he was about passing her, she stopped him. "Tom," she said, with a trembling voice and beating heart, "won't you go to Sabbath-school with me next Sunday?"

In utter amazement he gazed at her for a minute without speaking, then he said slowly, "Go to Sunday-school? Why, what in the world should I go there for?"

Taking courage from his manner, Mary ventured to look up at him, and said earnestly, "Oh Tom, don't you want to go to Heaven?"

"Well," said Tom, "suppose I do; going to Sunday-school won't take me to Heaven, will it?"

"No," said Mary hesitatingly; "but, Tom, when I first went there I heard them singing, 'I want to be an angel,' and they sang so beautifully it made me feel as if I wanted to be an angel too; and then I learned the way. And so might you too, Tom, if you would only come."

She had scarcely finished when Tom walked abruptly past her, and a minute after she heard him whistling as he walked down the street. Poor little Mary, she was so disappointed that the tears would come, and, as she was wiping them away, she heard a hasty footstep behind her, and in an instant Tom stood before her again.

"Mary," he said, "are you crying because I won't go to Sunday-school?" She looked at him surprised and a little startled, and then said earnestly, "Oh, Tom, won't you come?"

"Mary," he replied, "you are the only one that ever cared enough about me to cry for me. You needn't cry any more; I'll go with you next Sunday."

And he did go; and after that his seat was never vacant. He did learn the way to Heaven, and walked in it; and the last I heard of him was, that he had taken his life in his hand, and gone to preach to the heathen—"The unsearchable riches of Christ."

I know not where he may be now. I know not whether in a distant land, he yet stands up in his Master's name, and proclaims, "Come whosoever will;" or whether, having "fought the good fight, and finished his course," he has entered his everlasting rest; but I am sure, that when the trumpet shall sound, and the sea shall give up their dead, one who might have risen to shame and contempt, shall awake to glory and everlasting life.

I know not what became of little Mary, whether she is struggling in poverty and loneliness, or is surrounded by riches and honors, or whether she already has fallen asleep; but I am sure, that in the last day, when the crown of life is placed upon her brow, one gem, surpassing all earth's brightest jewels, shall shine in it forever and forever.

Would you not like to win such a gem for the crown which the Judge shall give you?—*Child's Paper.*

Charley Chatterbox.

TALKATIVE, talkative, talk all day. Talk over lessons, and talk over play; Talk at your victuals, talk in your bed, Your tongue is a clapper, the bell is your head."

This was true of Charley Chatterbox, and it is equally true of many others. Some children form a habit of talking all day long, to the great annoyance of older and wiser persons. Let them be where they cannot find some one to talk to, and they will chat to themselves. God has given us two eyes that we may see, and two ears that we may hear much, and but one mouth, that we may talk moderately. I knew a little boy whose father determined to ascertain the number of times he was obliged to reprove him for speaking in a single day. And when the day was closed, to the great astonishment of both parent and child, the marks on the slate counted up eighty. Now, I am pleased to hear children talk, but not when their parents and others much older wish to speak; then little ones should be quiet. "Think much, and speak little," is a good motto.

The *Charleston Courier* notices the arrival at that port of the schooner *Adda*, Captain Chase, built at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and loaded at St. Josephs opposite Milwaukee. She passed through Lake Michigan, the Straits of Mackinac, Lake Huron, the St. Clair River, &c., and the Welland Canal and the Lake Route into the St. Lawrence River, and thence into the Atlantic Ocean. She called at Providence, R. I., and also at New York. Her whole voyage was 4000 miles.

WOULDN'T GO.—Thirty emancipated slaves from Western Virginia, en route for Liberia, under the control of the agent of the Colonization Society, had started for Norfolk, by way of Petersburg. Only twelve arrived, the others escaped, preferring slavery to freedom.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of rich knowledge is stored in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical, and which, if collected together, culled and properly arranged, would form a volume of useful information, invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the mechanic, the farmer, and the house keeper.

CUCUMBER KETCHUP.—Take three dozen of full grown cucumbers and eight white onions. Peel the onions and cucumbers, and then chop them as fine as possible on three quarters of a pint of fine table salt; put the whole in a sieve and let it drain twelve hours. Then take a teacup full of mustard seed, half a teacup full of ground black pepper, and mix them well with the cucumbers and onions. Put the whole into a stone jar, with the strongest vinegar; close it up tightly for three days, and it is fit for use. It will keep for years.—*Harrisburg Union.*

THE CROUP.—The Journal of Health says: "When a child is taken with croup instantly apply cold water—ice water instantly and freely to the neck and chest with a sponge. The breathing will almost instantly be relieved. Soon as possible let the sufferer drink as much as it can; then wipe it dry, cover it warm, and soon a quiet slumber will relieve all anxiety." A friend of ours who has repeatedly tried this remedy informs us that it never failed to afford almost instant relief.

DEADLY EMANATIONS.—Persons descending wells, or caves, or vaults, die speedily, not from any poisonous effect in the atmosphere of those places, they die because there is little or no oxygen in it, no nutriment for the lungs and blood; it is upon the same principle that a candle dies out if let down into such an atmosphere, the flame getting less bright, "burning blue" in proportion as the supply of oxygen is in course of exhaustion. It is in this connection, that vulgar minds have associated ghosts, and apparitions, and death, with a blue flame, whether in the candle, or in the fire place.

Whether there is this insubstantial air in a well, or cave, or vault, should be always previously determined, either by letting a candle down, or setting paper, or shavings on fire, and throwing them in.

If from neglecting these precautions a person faints away, the first best thing to do, while preparations are being made for removal, is to dash down buckets of cold water, this carries some oxygen, some pure air with it; it also absorbs some of the deadly gas, and in the third place, by cooling the locality, the heaviest and most destructive gas condenses and falls to the surface, rests on the ground, thus allowing a purer air to take its place.

A SUBMARINE LANTERN TESTED.—The Norfolk (Va.) *Day Book* records an interesting trial of Gould & Lamb's submarine lantern, which came off in presence of a Board of Examiners, appointed by the Navy Department, on Thursday, the 14th July at Portsmouth navy-yard. It says:—"The lantern was lowered to a depth of 16 feet in a reservoir of water inside the yard, when it continued to burn for half an hour. The day being oppressively warm, and the Board of Examiners and inventors exposed to the rays of the burning sun, further experiments were postponed until 9 o'clock at night, when a second trial was made from a barge at the foot of the commodore's wharf. The lantern was first lowered down to the bottom of the river, then separate tests made as to the exact distance rays of light could be seen from the surface. Also, the distance light could be thrown so as to distinguish accurately distinct objects. An oar, lowered to the depth of six feet from the lantern, the lantern being sunk four feet, was so clearly seen that the grain of the wood was distinctly visible. The rays of the light were visible upon the surface of the river when the lantern was sunk to the depth of 12 feet. These experiments were made in thick, muddy water, and except that the Board were satisfied as to the principles involved, the lantern could have been kept burning under water for three hours. The same principles which govern at a depth of 16 feet will prove equally successful at a depth of 90 or 130 feet. This lantern, in connection with a submarine armor, is destined to open up a new field of enterprise in submarine explorations for lost treasure."

PHOTOGRAPHY AND THE ARTS.—We have another new application of photography to record. The *Hythe* (England) *Gazette* states that a series of interesting experiments have lately been made by Lieut. Walker, of the 79th Highland Regiment and of the School of Musketry Staff, in the application of photography to the art of musketry, with a view to obtain a true copy of the target-practice of any number of men at one or more targets. Formerly, the marks on the target were copied by hand (which was a tedious and troublesome process,) in order to send the results to the superior officer, who was not present at the practice. Now, by means of the chemical influences of light, the impression made by each shot upon the target's surface is copied upon paper; and thus a true record is kept of the soldiers' practice for each day, so that no false return can ever be made.

Salad for the Solitary.

Will be brush-wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest flame, the other yields the durablest heat; and both meeting make the best fire.

Dividing ones Time.

Some plodding genius has discovered, while spending his own time, that the word time itself, when artificially transposed, or metagrammatised, will form the following words: item, meti, emit. And if the aforesaid and its anagrams be placed in the following quadratic position; they will form what may be termed an anagrammatic palindrone:

T	I	M	E
I	T	E	M
M	E	T	I
E	M	I	T

This word, time, is the only word in the English language which can be thus arranged; and the different transpositions thereof are all, at the same time, Latin words. These words, in English as well as in Latin, may be read either upwards or downwards. The English words time, item, meti and emit are mentioned above; and of the Latin ones—1. Time signifies fear thou; 2. Item, likewise; 3. Meti, to be measured; 4. Emit, he buys.

It was a smart boy who owned up, that he liked everything good, but a *good whipping*. The same boy liked a good rainy day, too rainy to go to school, and just about rainy enough to go fishing.

Mrs. Fantading says, if it were not intended that women should drive their husbands, why are they put through the *bride ceremony*?

Whose best works are most trampled upon? A shoemaker's; because good shoes last longer than bad ones.

An old soldier whose nose had been cropped off by a sabre cut, happened to give a few pence to a beggar, who exclaimed in return, "God preserve your eyesight." "Why so?" inquired the veteran, "Because sir," he replied, "if your eyes should grow weak, you couldn't keep spectacles on them."

Persons who are always cheerful and good-humored, are very useful in the world; they maintain peace and happiness, and spread a thankful temper among all who live around them.

If you do when you are alone what you are unwilling to do in the presence of your acquaintances, you respect them more than you do yourself.

Be contented and thankful; a cheerful spirit makes labor light, sleep sweet, and all around cheerful.

All who have meditated on the art of governing mankind have been convinced that the fate of empires depend on the education of youth.

What is the difference between a wash-tub and a gas-pipe? One is a hollow tube and the other a hollow tub.

Bayard Taylor, after all, is only a *journeyman* printer, and his "Tales of a Traveller" might just as truly be termed "Travels of a Taylor."

An Irishman dropped a letter into the post-office the other day, with the following memorandum on the envelope; "Please hasten the delay of this."

A sensible colored man, in a recent convention of his brethren in New York gave the following cut direct; "There has been a great deal of capital sheared from our wool, but we have gained none of the profits, and we should not be dumb before the shearers any longer."

"Helloa Tim, I want to ax you a question."

"Well, exceed."

"What's the most like a man, not to be a man."

"Well a nigger I reckon."

"You're a goose, it's a great—big boy."

"I have insulted you, and you will have to brook the insult," said a little man to a big one, taking him up and tossing him into a running stream close by.

A Chinaman went into a fancygoods store and asked for some consistency. He had heard consistency was a jewel, and he wanted a specimen.

Most kind of roots and barks are now used as medicines, except cube root and the bark of a dog.

Jones was not tipsy the other night, when it became his duty, at the proper stage of the proceedings, to give the regular toast to Woman, for he said so afterwards. He proceeded:

"Oh Woman, in our hours of ease, Uncertain, coy and hard to please—"

But—seen too oft, familiar with her face, We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Business Cards.

A. P. SPERRY, of N. C.
With WM. GRAYDON & CO., Importers and Jobbers of **DRY GOODS**, 46 Park Place, and 41 Barclay Street, N. Y.
Wm. Graydon, James Graydon, Nov., '68.

BOOK-BINDER,
At the old STAR OFFICE, (opposite the PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.)

The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Greensboro and the vicinity, that he will promptly and punctually attend to the binding of *Newspapers, Magazines and Periodicals* of all kinds, and in any style, plain and ornamental, on moderate terms.
Address J. J. CHAPLIN, Raleigh, N. C.
January 1—11.

DICKENSON & COLE,
Commission & Forwarding Merchants, Shoebox Slip, 2d door from Carey street, RICHMOND, VA.

SOLICIT CONSIGNMENTS OF
Tobacco, Wheat, Corn, and other Produce.

Special attention paid to forwarding Manufacture Tobacco and Goods.
Grain Bags furnished on application.
JOHN DICKENSON, } ISAAC N. COLE,
of Petersburg, } of Halifax.
January 1, 1869. (6m.)

JOHN A. PRITCHETT,
CABINET-MAKER AND DEALER IN FURNITURE, (near North Carolina Railroad), Greensboro, N. C.

All kinds of Cabinet Furniture—such as Dressing-Bureaus, Wardrobes, Washstands, Cottage-Bedsteads, Tables, Coffins, &c.—kept constantly on hand or made to order.

Persons wishing anything in his line should call and examine his work as he is confident, from his past experience, that it cannot be excelled in any other shop.

Work delivered on board the Cars free of charge.

JAMES M. EDNEY, GENERAL
Purchasing & Commission Merchant, and dealer in
Pianos, Melodeons, Pumps, Saws, Sewing Machines, &c.

Publisher of "Cherokee Physician," "Chronology of N. C.," "Southern Dispatch," "Hickory Nut Falls," &c.
Sole Proprietor of the "AMERICAN PUMP," raising Water in all depths under 150 feet, by hand.

Drawings and Prices sent free.
147 Chambers-street, N. Y.
Commission for Buying and Forwarding, two and a half per cent.

REFERENCES.

McPheeters Gheselin, John B. Odum, Esq., Va.; Hon. John Baxter, Rev. W. G. Brownlow, Tenn.; Hon. T. L. Jones, Newport, Ky.; Brown & McMillan, Washington, W. & D. Richardson, Galveston, Texas; D. R. McAlister, D. D., St. Louis; Rev. G. C. Gillespie, New Orleans; J. W. Stoy, Charleston, S. C.; Hon. W. A. Graham, S. W. Ellis, D. L. Swan, Chas. F. Deems, D. D., N. C.; Myatt & Tolson, Ala., &c., &c.

EFLAND & KIRKPATRICK,
Having opened a **GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING STORE**, will keep on hand or make to order, all kinds of Gentlemen's Clothing. Their Spring Stock embraces Coats, Pants, Vests, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Shirts, Drawers, &c., &c., which they will sell cheap for CASH. Gentlemen wishing fine clothing should call on them first, as they sell no half finished work. Having some very fine cloth and cutters, and workmen of the first order, they feel confident they can please the most fastidious.

They also have the agency for the sale of **Bartholomew's Sewing Machines**, one of the best now in use, in fact it is superior to all others, in all the large manufacturing establishments in New York and Philadelphia; March, 1859. 13—14.

OTTO HUBER, JEWELLER AND Watchmaker, West Market, Greensboro, N. C.—Has on hand, and is receiving a splendid and well selected stock, of fine and fashionable Jewelry, of every description, among which may be found several magnificent sets of coral Jewelry.

He has also a stock of fine Gold and Silver Watches.

All repairing done in the best manner and warranted.

All persons purchasing Jewelry will do well to call on him, before purchasing elsewhere, as he is confident, that he can sell as good bargains as can be bought in this market.

August, 1st, 1858. 134—14.

VISITING CARDS.

R. G. STAPLES,

CARD WRITER, Portsmouth, Va., solicits orders. Cards containing two lines or less, written and forwarded prepaid for \$1.50 per pack. Cards of more than two lines, \$2.00 per pack. Prepaid to the address of those ordering.

ROWLAND & BROTHERS,
Commission Merchants, Norfolk, Va.

ARE prepared to receive and dispose of, advantageously, any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience with every facility and ability enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for, and refer to among others:—P. C. Cameron, W. J. Bingham, Orange; Hon. T. R. R. R., J. Newlin & Sons, Alamance; J. H. Houghton, Chatham; White & Cameron, C. P. Hiler & Co., Concord; C. F. Fisher, Salisbury; E. G. Reade, Person; W. J. Holmes, Roanoke.

Authorized agents for the *Times*, to receive subscriptions, etc. 617

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

Porter & Gorrell, Successors to T. J. PATRICK, wholesale and retail Druggists, are prepared to execute orders for Drugs, Medicines, and all articles pertaining to the Drug Business, with neatness, accuracy and dispatch.

With large and improved arrangements for business, and with a very heavy stock on hand which has been selected with unusual care we feel satisfied that we can offer inducements to Physicians and others who may give us a call.

Physicians who buy from us can rely on having their orders filled with pure and reliable DRUGS.

Special attention will be given to orders.